

The Revolution.

THE TRUE REPUBLIC.—MEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING MORE: WOMEN, THEIR RIGHTS AND NOTHING LESS.

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The Revolution.

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Poetry.

LONGING.

Or all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul came thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment;
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

Still, through one paltry stir and strife,
Grows down the wished ideal;
And longing moulds in clay what life
Carves in the marble Real;
To let the new life in, we know,
Desire must ope the portal;
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

Longing is God's fresh heavenward will,
With our poor earthward striving;
We quench it that we may be still
Content with merely living;
But would we learn that heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckon's
The moments when we tread his ways,
But when the spirit beckons;
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
How'er we fail in action.

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

ALADDIN.

WHEN I was a beggarly boy,
And lived in a cellar damp,
I had not a friend or a toy,
But I had Aladdin's lamp;
When I could not sleep for cold,
I had fire enough in my brain,
And builded, with roofs of gold,
My beautiful castles in Spain!

Since then I have toiled day and night,
I have money and power good store,
But I'd give all my lamps of silver bright,
For the one that is mine no more;
Take, Fortune, whatever you choose,
You gave, and may snatch again;
I have nothing 't would pain me to lose,
For I own no more castles in Spain!

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1870, by Alice Cary, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

The Born Thrall.

BY ALICE CARY.

CHAPTER IX.

AFTER SCHOOL.

As the rustic crew poured itself out of the old school house, it was like Bedlam let loose.

Daniel M. Dayton seized half a dozen hats, and as many bonnets—threw some of them over the fence—tossed some into the tree-tops, and ran away with some; and Montraville Brown, meanwhile, kicked up a suffocating and blinding dust. There was a bewildered running to and fro after "tags"—a good deal of hurrawing, and some smart wrestling—all of which presently subsided—the dust cloud laid itself down on weeds and fence-rails, and in the up-turned faces of the flowers—the children separated at the cross-roads and all was silence again. There was something lonesome almost melancholy, in the scene—the wood with its deserted play-ground—the grey tombstones on the hillside gleaming among iron-weeds and thistles—the weather-beaten cider-mill in the edge of the orchard—the still, white geese in the muddy pond—the one-eyed mare with the yoke battering at her legs, and the little steep-roofed school-house on its bare ridge of baked earth, all harmonized, and with the coming on of night made as cheerless a picture as one would wish to see.

As to the school-house itself, it could never, even in its pristine freshness, have been an attractive feature in the landscape—it was built of bricks—some of which were burnt blue and some black, while others remained of nearly their original clay color. The mason work had probably never been very solid, and one corner having suken considerably, the door and windows were left standing at an angle—two or three of the shutters dangled by one rusty hinge each—they had never been painted, and the original complexion of the wood had, under the peltings of the rain and the general effects of time, assumed a variegation of colors, shading from salmon to yellow, and from yellow to smoke color, and door and shutters were almost always illuminated with distorted likenesses of the pedagogue incumbent, together with a variety of promising designs and studies, done by the amateur artists of the school.

Towards the west, cut in two by one of the cross-roads, lay a great field of level land, overgrown with nettles and burrs—to the east, and divided from the school-house by the main road, was the grove and play-ground before mentioned, away beyond which could be seen the sharp gable of Ripley's mill, and the tall, red chimneys of the school-master's fine house. Northward, the road ran between

corn-fields and meadow-land, gaining at the distance of perhaps a mile and a half, a considerable elevation, where the smart and growing town known as Jackson City sprawled itself far and wide—setting the fashions, giving tone to society, and furnishing the neighborhood with salt mackerel, red flannel, molasses and shoes.

There the Eagle's Wood Seminary "finished" young ladies, and Mason's Academy fitted young men for college. There the cooper shaved, and the blacksmith hammered, the milliners bleached their bonnets, and the short-legged landlord of the White Hall tavern stood in the door of his bar-room chewing and spitting: a sign-board high above his head promising good entertainment for man and beast, and the four front windows of the ball-room grandly ablaze with red curtains.

Half a mile or more from this "city," the Gresham farm was situated, and on the opposite side of the road, and within view of the Gresham homestead, the estate of Deacon Meadows, known as Willow Fields, challenged the admiration of the neighborhood.

Southward from the school-house, the wood ran for several miles through flat beech land, and emerging thence, dropped down a succession of steep hills, and terminated in one of the most beautiful cities of the West.

The roads crossed some fifty yards from the school house, and here it was that disparity of rank became immediately manifest, such of the lads as wore bands on their hats, and had pockets in their trousers remaining in the big road and casting, often, in playful assertion of superiority, handsfull of sticks, stones and grass at the boys whose homes were in the more obscure portions of the district.

Into the least frequented of these roads, sidled and backed the poor scape-goat, Wesley Smith, for strange to say, he still had in him faint sentiments of pride, and was used to thus back and sidle, not so much to keep his face to his foes, as in order to hide from them, so far as might be, the big patches not very harmoniously let in to the hinder part of his trousers.

"I wish you were going our road," said Theresa, as he thus sidled off.

"I'd wish so, too," he replied, "if wishing'd would do any good, but wishing'd won't do me no good, it's my luck to live onto a cross-road, and if there was any crosser road to be lived onto than the one what I'm a-livin'd onto, I'd be livin'd onto that."

But there are compensations for all the ills of life, and one was waiting Wesley even now.

Andrew J. Simmons, a boy whose large military aptitude gave frequent and promising illustrations of itself, capered past him with a cock-feather in his cap and a bean-pole between his legs, indulging himself in the pleasant fiction that he was General Simmons, riding at the head of his troops.

Wesley was almost dazed with admiration, and followed far in the rear, beating lustily on his tin dinner-bucket with his knuckles, making

believe that he was Andrew's drummer; and augmenting his delight by the additional fancy that it was the fashion for drummers to wear patches on their trousers.

Into the road leading past the schoolmaster's house, Ripley's mill, and on towards the Duck Creek camp-meeting ground, and it matters not where besides, limped Sally Ripley, followed by Theresa and Charles Gresham. The half-playful, half-earnest warfare between hat-bands and no hat-bands was ended for the day, and there seemed nothing to do but walk quietly home. But Sally, who had been sadly baffled, and sorely irritated—all the more because of Dorcas being kept after school—determined on a little adventure, partly on her own account, partly to vex Dorcas. All at once she threw aside her crutch, and announced her intention of returning home by a somewhat circuitous route; her foot wasn't awful bad after all, as she thought it was. She said she could walk good ways well's little ways, in short, she was resolved to pay a visit to old "Grand-daddy Ludlow," the crazy father of the schoolmaster, and have her fortune told, he being possessed, as was supposed, of a prophetic gift.

He had (Sally asseverated) told her some awful cur'us things, and she wanted to see if he could tell anything more awful cur'us. 'Twasn't nothin' 'bout getting a husband, though—she was sure she didn't care if she never had one 't any rate. She didn't know nobody then 't she wanted—she was sure o' that!

Charley, who was always eager for anything out of the ordinary course, caught up Sally's suggestion, and, leaping over the fence, set off briskly in the direction of Grand-daddy Ludlow's hut.

"D'on ever have Grand-daddy tell your fortune?" inquired Sally, as she and Theresa sat together on a grass-bank waiting for Dorcas, who had been kept after school.

"No; I am afraid of him."

"'Fraid of him? I ain't 'fraid o' no man! What you 'fraid of? his red shirt? or his white hair? or his n't'd b'som?"

"I don't know why I am afraid, perhaps because they say he has spirits about him!"

"You are a cur'us one! What's s'p'r'ts, I'd like to know."

If Theresa could have answered that, she would have been wiser than she was—she knew a good deal, however—knew that she did not know what they are, and so remained silent.

Sally went on: "You ain't so cur'us as Doro's is, though—she goes ahead of my time! Who'd a thought she'd stay after school the way she has?"

Theresa said nothing, and she went on, "I wouldn't not 'thout I lost all m' sense! Everybody knows what Count Ludlow is, and there ain't a good word to be said for him, first or last. He's selfish and wicked, and proud and irreligious, and a wild injun—that's what he is! And if he had no money, and if he wasn't handsome, he'd be no more thought of than my brother Is'r'l! But to think of Doro', with all her pride, 'n all her sense! Why if she had the eyes of a goose, she might see mor'n she does—I'm mad at her!"

The eyes of a goose! That is easy to say when we stand outside of feeling, and look with the keen, clear vision of judgment. And how did Dorcas interpret herself to herself? In the first instance, she had said to herself, Very well, I will remain, and speak out for poor little Wesley, and, what is more, I will tell the master what a miserable, cowardly, and

detestable act he is guilty of. Thus she turned towards him, but through her hot anger he only sunk the more easily into her heart, and when it cooled, he was fixed there only the more surely.

She did not speak to him the words she had proposed to speak—nothing like them.

In the first place, the master had come to himself, and was transformed from a demon to a man. And in the next place, it is perfectly certain that if only Dorcas witnessed his cruelty to Wesley Smith, it would never have gone abroad, so far was she already in servitude to this man. If he had played the lover, if he had sought to extenuate his conduct, or to enlist her sympathy, if he had done anything, but just what he did, she might not have been so completely disarmed. But he turned mercilessly upon himself, and she was taken un-awares, and at disadvantage.

He did not touch her hand, did not approach her, did not lift his eyes to hers, but stood back, as though he said—Have a care—I am altogether worse than you believe me!

He called Dorcas his good little friend—he would not detain her, for a moment, he was not worthy—but would she, could she, out of the abundant graces of her sweet nature, remember him in her prayers! His own sinful hands had sht the door of heaven against his petitions—no, she could not even pray for him (he had lifted his eyes now). It was but a wild hope—a dream—the catching of a drowning man at a reed. She was right to gather away from him her mantle of purity, and pass by on the other side. Quite, quite right—she could not condemn him half so bitterly as he condemned himself. He had done evil, and not good, all the days of his life, and had no plea to make and no extenuation to offer. Would to heaven he had, he was not lost to good impulses—but he was lost to everything else! And now, while he had a good impulse (it might never chance again) he must set the feet of his good little friend at a safe distance—perhaps he ought not to say *friend* any longer. Yes, the great soul looking out of those tender eyes gave him leave—heaven only knew what it cost him to make himself utterly odious in those beautiful eyes, but he would be just to her, at whatever cost to himself. The honor and esteem she had bestowed upon him, he gave back—he was not worthy of them, and begged, then and there, to put her once for all on her guard—she must never trust, never believe in him—no matter how plausible, how fair, or how honest he might happen to seem, for it would all be seeming, and not reality. He could not trust himself—not believe in himself—how then should she? No, distrust was not enough—whatever his enemies said, she must listen to, nay, she must join with them against him, they could not represent him so bad as he was! There might be some lies mixed with the truth—but what of that—she must not seek to separate them—it was no matter. In everything he would have her believe him guilty.

Not for the world would Dorcas believe him guilty of anything of which he was innocent.

"Mysweet-souled Rosamond!" But no, he was leaping the barrier himself had set up—his friend was too good—too generous—he was not yet bad enough to take advantage of the goodness and the generosity, not then, but for the future he could not trust himself—he knew his weakness, his utter depravity too well—he would make haste so soon as present obligations released him, to go back to the wild

life he was fitted for—be a hunter in the wilderness, a trapper among the mountains, where the rocks held no echoes of the past. There he would live and die, and there his bones might bleach among the snow-drifts, or blacken under the thorn-bushes—he cared not.

Some time perhaps—far off now—the sweet thoughts of Rosamond might be touched with pity toward him, when she would sit at her own fire-side in the yet tenderer light of the rosy faces about her, playing with the young hair or the bright heads at her knee, and slipping it up and down her fingers in rings that outshone all but the marriage ring.

Ah! yes, it was a solace to dream that her thoughts might then be touched with pity. She might think of him then as having been born under an evil star, and left so early to the sole influences of a father with ruined intellect and darkened heart.

It is so easy to acknowledge a general guiltiness, so hard to own the special sins, that we may all understand perhaps, why the deprecation was so broad and so deep—it was really the only advantageous light in which the schoolmaster could place himself; but it is not so easy to understand how he could lie, and swear to a lie in the face of such innocence and trust. He put it adroitly to be sure, but it was none the less a lie. He had asked Dorcas to believe whatever vile thing might be imputed to him—but he could not let it stand, and begged to contradict himself—there was one charge of which he would fain be innocent in her eyes—she must pardon him, he could not name it—she would understand some day, if not then, in that one regard, he was guiltless. Might he for one moment take her hand in his, and alone with her and with Almighty God, say it and swear it!

No, he was not worthy to touch her hand, nor would he depreciate the honor of his simple word by an oath. But he was detaining his little friend too long—she must go, and for himself, henceforth—the cloud without the rainbow!

He opened the door, and she passed out alone and without a word, but if she chanced upon the old ferryman, famous in song, she too might have said—

"Take, O Boatman, thrice thy fee!"

"Well, what did the schoolmaster have to say for himself?" cried Sally, as Dorcas was seen approaching.

"Nothing at all," Dorcas had answered quietly—"but what made you wait for me?"

"Cause I wanted t' know what the beauty could say for himself?"

"Perhaps none of us could say much," Dorcas replied, "if we had had his chance in life." Think of how he was left in the world, without a mother, and with just that poor, crazy father of his.

"Dear me! how good you've got all 't once! You take in ole Grand-daddy 'n all! You'll hav' quite a fam'ly, him an' Wes. an' Rachel. By the way, we're just going t' see your father-in-law. Come 'long."

"No Sally—I am going straight to your house."

"No y'ant! Come 'long! I'll know its cause your 'shamed t' have us see your father-in-law—that's all!"

"O Sally, how ridiculous!" But the cheeks of Dorcas were ablaze, and against her will she was shamed into going, and went.

And here it may be remarked that girls in their "teens" are usually much wiser than they are

supposed to be. They are also more liable to tender emotions than persons of maturer age are likely to imagine, and while they are yet called "little girls" and presumed to be thinking of their dolls, they are oftentimes thinking of far other things. Half a dozen or more of the school girls, varying in years from ten to sixteen, had had their coquetries with Mr. Ludlow, not in any very pronounced manner perhaps, but coquetries nevertheless. The force and meaning of glances, tones and smiles, and all the other shadowy methods of communication that never can be written or told, were understood in that obscure old school-house marvelously well.

(To be continued.)

WOMAN'S NEED AT THE PRESENT DAY.

BY MARY GOODING.

READ before the Woman's Club, Brooklyn, Feb. 4, 1870, on the following question:

"What does woman most need at the present day to become the great and beneficent power she should be?"

Our leaders in spiritual life declare self-renunciation to be the highest form of happiness. The world has long eulogized woman's *submission* and *obedience*, misnaming these qualities *self-renunciation*, of which, in her present servile position, she is logically incapable.

According to the Declaration of Independence, the inalienable rights of human beings are, first *life*, second *liberty*, and third, the *pursuit of happiness*—the right to life, and the right that this life shall have liberty, viz.: an atmosphere favorable to the largest individual growth, being the fundamental conditions, without which, the right to the pursuit of happiness does not exist. Happiness is impossible without these conditions; to expect it, is as absurd as to look for flowers and fruits after root and trunk have been destroyed.

Logically, self-renunciation is impossible to that individual who has not, in himself, the power of deliberate choice. A slave cannot renounce his own life or liberty; it does not belong to him; he may be *obedient* to his master, but not *self-renouncing*, for slavery left him nothing to renounce. A captive may subdue his spirit to his condition, but his condition is none the less pitiable, none the less demoralizing, because he ceases to pine for liberty.

So the mass of women stand to-day, fettered and chained by law and custom; breathing for so long a stifling atmosphere, that they naturally shrink from one more bracing—but that is an argument against the condition of their lungs, not against a more healthful atmosphere, or a larger breathing space.

It is a self-evident truth that we cannot renounce what we do not possess, and as women do not, at the present day, by the present construction of the law, and by the usages of society, *own themselves*, the conclusion is inevitable, that it is impossible, under these conditions, for a woman to be self-renunciatory.

Public opinion, for which both men and women are responsible—the outgrowth of which are laws and customs—has rendered *obedience* and *submission* (the virtues of slaves) the highest virtues allowed to woman. How absurd is it for men to teach that the crowning glory of woman is her power of self-abnegation, of the exercise of which they have rendered her incapable!

In order, then, that woman may become the

Power she should become, it is necessary that her right to life and liberty, to the *ownership of herself*, to individuality, be no longer denied her by law and custom. Since, at the present day, these rights are *not* allowed, it plainly becomes the duty of each individual woman to assert that right for herself, making this idea the paramount and controlling influence of her life; for individual freedom of choice is the cornerstone of individual responsibility, and all virtue and wise government must rest on this foundation.

Why do we find women to-day characterized by devotion to low aims in life? to gossip, scandal, and the thousand frivolities of fashion? The answer is to be found in her servile condition. Because she has left her own individuality out of the question, and under the name of self-renunciation accepted all forms of servitude. Thank God, she is rousing her intellect, beginning to look out upon the world for herself, no longer content to take all her views of life, of man, of her own nature, through the medium of other vision than her own.

To-day, the command comes to all women, "Choose ye, whom ye will serve." The dawn of the long night of woman's drudgery and servitude is breaking. By the introduction of labor-saving machinery into households, the institution of co-operative kitchens and laundries, greater leisure is gradually being given her. Each individual woman has this choice placed before her, to use these added hours of life in the promotion of her own culture, and that of others, physical, intellectual, and moral; or in an increased devotion to the materialities of existence; and no soul is ever stationary—constantly it must narrow or expand, advance or retrograde.

First, the right to life, and the free disposal of that life—which is liberty; the right to the possession of this *standing room*, each individual for herself.

Second, the union of women into societies, grounded on this idea, in order to direct public opinion.

We all know that public opinion is but the united opinion of individuals, each individual being, in a limited circle, a creator of it. But only in *union* is *strength*; a few minds, agreeing upon some central truth, banded together for the purpose of bringing the public mind to the reception of that truth, co-operating with each other in every blow that is aimed at wrong, in every advance toward the right—if sufficiently fearless, persistent, and faithful, *must* prevail—the world is not governed by numbers, it is led by the few.

In summing up my argument, I conclude that, as at present woman occupies a servile position in the eye of the law, and of public opinion—the parent of law—her need *now* is:

First. To insist upon her right to life and liberty, viz.: to the *ownership of herself*; and to insist that, in every department of life, the individuality of woman shall be recognized.

Second. To influence and create a public opinion which shall respect the individual woman, exacting from her the duties, and according to her the privilege of a *free, independent* life.

Then, when woman shall no longer beg and submit as a slave, entreat and obey as a culprit—when, responsible alone to God, and to herself, she shall possess the right to *life* and *liberty*, she will occupy a position in which she will be logically capable of becoming a beneficent Power.

ARE WOMEN A CLASS?

BY LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

FROM an article in the Brooklyn *Index*, entitled "Susan's Mistake," I cut the following which contains the "gist" of what is in some respects a very sensible argument:

Are the women of this country to be regarded as a distinct class of people? If that is the case, then Miss Anthony—(we like better her plain Quaker name of Susan, which some of our brethren are doing their worst to trail in the mire)—if that is the case, we say, then Susan holds a logical position.

If, however, the opposite doctrine is true, then all that distinctive phase of the Woman Suffrage movement which is represented by Susan B. Anthony, must be regarded as pure moonshine, and entirely destitute of fructifying promise.

As a new comer into the ranks of the advocates of suffrage, one having only enjoyed the honor of Miss Anthony's acquaintance a short time, and not familiar with all her public utterances, I propose to confine my observations to this especial part of the article. To me it seems as if Miss Anthony had very much of reason in claiming that women so far as laws and representation are concerned, are a different class from men.

The opponents of Woman Suffrage frame an argument something like this. "Women are not a distinct class of the community, their interests are identical with those of the men among whom they live, and as they are feeble than men, their proper pursuits evidently within doors, therefore men ought to vote for them." Now let us see how men would like a similar course of reasoning as applied to themselves. Every one knows that the number of men who vote at every election greatly complicate the difficulties of carrying it on, and increase the opportunities for fraud. Suppose, to remedy this, a law should be passed making physical strength the requisite for the ballot. This would exactly suit the opponents of Woman Suffrage, who think that women ought not to vote because they cannot do military duty—suppose then a law was to be framed declaring that only men who are six feet tall and can lift five hundred pounds shall vote, this would be fair, would it not? The interests of these men would be identical with that of the others, among whom they lived, and as the pursuits of many of these public men are within doors, therefore they ought to be content to let the strong men vote for them.

Lengthy comment is unnecessary. This proposition is as fair as the other, and yet what a storm of indignation it would raise to propose it! Those smaller men would declare that no one person can vote for another, that property and intellect, and not brute force ought to be the requisite for the ballot, and so on with most of the arguments now advanced for Woman Suffrage. Well, now it is as fair to claim that women are a class requiring the ballot as much as small men or even foreign men, or colored men; indeed I may say it would be fairer to let the native born American dry-goods man vote for the Irish and negro dry-goods man, than to allow the dry-goods husband to vote for the school teaching wife, the political interests here of the two being perhance at variance.

Every argument advanced to prove that women and men have different "spheres" in life and diverse places in the world, goes to prove that their interests must differ, and that women and men do form distinct classes. For to illustrate, if all women were to remain at home, merely caring for their households and chil-

dren, while all men were to go out as workers, a radical difference of interests in political questions would spring up at once, the women as consumers might find free trade to their benefit, while the men as producers might desire various kinds of protection. It is this sort of difference of interests, coupled with the fact that while perhaps one half the women of the country have husbands able to provide for them, the other half either have no husbands at all, or must work for their living because the husband cannot earn it, which causes Miss Anthony and others to urge that this great class of the community require the ballot to give them direct representation.

DOT AND I.—BREAKING ROADS.

NO. IV.

It had been snowing most of the time for three or four days, a light, fine snow, and last night the wind blew up beautiful drifts in all possible places. This morning the mercury stood at eight degrees below zero, and the biting wind made it seem ten degrees colder. Yesterday, Birdie (almost four years old,) asked often to go out in the storm and wade in the snow, but I put him off till to-day. This morning before he was dressed, he said joyfully, "Now I can go out doors. May I go now?"

"Open the door," said Grace, "and let him go right out in his night-gown."

Birdie thought he could wait to be dressed; and when that was done I drew on some long woolen stockings over his thick shoes and warm trousers, put on his coat, cap, mittens and tip-pet, and let him go out, having first got his promise that he would not come in crying with cold. We thought he would be begging to come in, in less than five minutes. Not he! He heard his shout, and looked out to see him break roads through the smaller drifts. He saw us at the window and worked the harder. Dot shouted at him and tried her best to fly through the window and join the sport.

At length Birdie came in, all glowing and sparkling with cold and exercise.

"I've had a good time, mamma," said he, "may I go out again after breakfast?"

"Yes, you may," I said, and then to Grace, "I shouldn't think he would want to go out again in this cold wind."

"I should," said Grace. "I know how it feels. I used to want to go into the deep snow, and I liked to break paths for myself going to and from school. It took a good deal of uncomfortable experience with wet and chaffing pantalettes and dragged skirts to cure me of it. He has no such drawback to his pleasures."

"I have a keener recollection of such discomforts than of the fun of wading in the snow," I said, "and perhaps that is the reason why I should keep Birdie back from such things if I followed my first impulse, and did not reason about it. I knew his father would encourage his going out if he were at home."

"Mamma," said Birdie, while I was pulling off his socks, "when Dot gets a big boy like me—when Dot gets a big girl—can she break roads in the snow?"

"She would spoil her embroidered and starched muslin drawers, and her pretty little skirts," laughed Grace, but I answered: "Dot may break roads if she wants to."

"She will want to, mamma. She will," Birdie said earnestly. "Wont you, Dotty?"

Dot sat in her high chair by the table. She

crowded and spatted the table with both chubby hands, fairly jumping from her seat in her enthusiasm. In her estimation Birdie is a regular hero. There is no one she admires quite so much. She is ready to assent to anything he proposes, though she defends her rights against his encroachments to the best of her ability.

"How do you think you will dress Dot, three years from now," said Grace. "She will be just Birdie's present age then."

"I cannot tell exactly," I said. "Times are changing. Little girls are dressed much more comfortably now than when I was a child. I should not like to make a little daughter suffer from being so oddly dressed as to excite the ridicule of silly people. I can't think of any reason why she should not be as warmly and evenly dressed as Birdie is now. Little girls are not supposed to have more robust constitutions than little boys, yet mothers dress them as though the little girls were better able to bear exposure. If we are living here three years from now, I can dress her without any regard to other people's notions, and probably shall. I should like to try it. In a town or city I would dress her as evenly and comfortably as possible without such oddity as to annoy her. She may dress as oddly as she pleases when she is old enough to choose, if there is any right principle at the bottom of it. I never mean to dress her so that she cannot play in the snow, and dig in the dirt, and climb fences and trees, just as freely as her brother, if she wishes to do so. Why should she not have as fair a chance to develop her lungs and limbs, and get all the education a free, out-of-door life affords? Somebody was telling me not long ago that women could not stand as much scholarship as men, it was not good for their health, and Mrs. Browning and Margaret Fuller were mentioned as cases proving the assertion. But don't you see? They were not *educated* like boys. Were they allowed to run out of doors in all weathers, and were they clothed so that they could skate, and climb, and dig, and row, and hunt with the same freedom and safety as boys? No, indeed! I believe in a distinction of sex. I believe in it so thoroughly that I don't think all our caution is needed to prevent its dying out. I have studied Dot and Birdie a good deal with reference to that, and some other time I'll tell you more of my thoughts on that subject. One thing I shall try to do, and that is to give the little boy and the little girl an equal chance to break roads for themselves all the way through life. Our present laws and customs help the boy and hinder the girl, and that is the reason why we want the ballot, and some other things besides the ballot."

FAITH ROCHSTER.

WOMAN IN CONGRESS.

BY A PARIAH.

WHEN first I approached the capitol, oh REVOLUTION, and ascended those marble steps, it was with a feeling of awe, similar to what would be brought by an attempt to probe Masonic mysteries when the Tyler, with drawn sword, stands at the outer door. I expected to be an isolated member of my sex. Women, I knew, were sometimes admitted as spectators, where, from the galleries, they could look down on to the august law-makers below; and I had heard of female lobbyists, yet I thought it was only at rare and uncertain intervals that women were seen within the nation's marble halls.

Judge, then, my surprise when, on entering the doors with my lady companion, I was ushered into a spacious and magnificently furnished reception-room, filled with women of every rank in life, from the humble war-widow to the elegantly-dressed lady; many of these eagerly interviewing distinguished Senators and Representatives, others watching pages in charge of their cards, still others passing into the marble hall which requires a Senator's "open sesame" to get you through.

I gazed, for a while, in open-eyed wonder, getting new insight into the stern duties of a law-maker, till by and by our own particular Senator, summoned by our own particular magic card, made his appearance.

Then, from being observers, we became of the observed, as by the side of our "open sesame" we, too, descended the Senatorial hall, commenting on its social look, and hardly persuading ourselves we were not taking part in some grand festive promenade.

The door of the President's parlor swung on its hinges, and the foul air of a close, ill-ventilated room struck upon our nostrils, while huge tobacco receptacles everywhere offended our eyes. "We'll better this when we come," was our comment, whereat our Senatorial friend laughingly disclaimed their use on his part.

As we entered the more public halls, we everywhere met ladies and gentlemen, walking together, talking together, listening, looking at the pictures, buying views—a very Broadway scene. Women, women, everywhere women; we expected to find a Sahara of men, but the desert blossomed like the rose, and hues out-vieing the rainbow, grew brighter yet by contrast with solemn Senatorial black.

Nor, oh REVOLUTION, was the Supreme Court room of the United States free from woman's presence. Supreme Judge Chase, portly in his black gown, was distracted from the pleading before him by the passing in and out of these animated rainbows. The library was patronized by them; the restaurant welcomed them, the galleries were full of them, the reporters' nook made room for them, and ultimately we came into an elegantly furnished ladies dressing-room, with easy chairs, hot and cold water, and all the luxurious necessities that modern civilization demands.

It is to be no great step for woman to go down from the galleries to the floors of Congress. The "shock to woman's delicacy and refinement," of a seat in Congress, is each day lessened by her walk in the halls. She is now spectator in the galleries—many senators and representatives are but spectators on the floors.

Women are not objected to; and from becoming spectator she can soon become participant. The nation, by a happy premonition, has made its capitol ready for woman law-makers. Its elegant drawing-rooms, its cozy dressing-rooms, its quiet library, are even now occupied by her. What is there more sacred on that noisy floor below, where only the chairman and the reporters give attention to what is said? Next to godliness, lies the virtue of cleanliness—a virtue which the floors show to be with Congressmen below par.

Back of every desk is a chair; below every desk an enormous spittoon, of which I fear to guess the cost to the nation.

To a Pariah, like me, all was strange, so wise, so good, so pure had I deemed those who held my destiny in their grasp, so occupied with the vast and responsible duties belonging to them, and so strangely different was it all, that

I, as yet, do not believe my vision. Seeing is no longer believing. Some witchery has befallen my eyes. Reading of letters, shuffling of papers, whispering, walking about, with, ever and anon, sly glances towards the beauties in the galleries—that seemed the heavy work of the session.

Not having borne the senatorial burden on my back, I may not well judge, but simple enough for even women's brains seems such work to me. Cannot we, as well as honorable Senators, tell what will make us comfortable, and vote our supplies as well as they?

Would not a bouquet from the Congressional green-house be as pleasing upon our desks, as is the vasty, dark, immense unknown now beneath them?

Should we be less women while thus cozily seated below, responsibly engaged in law-making, than we now are when button-holing some Senator and slipping bribes into his hand that somebody's little bill may pass? Being only a woman, with the curse of sex to bear, I cannot tell, but, oh REVOLUTION, thus it seems to me!

WOMEN RUNNING TO FIRES.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Perhaps the enclosed from the *Portland Press* of to-day, the editor of which is both earnest and efficient in the cause of emancipation, may be worth republishing. The debate in the Mercantile Library Association has been continued week after week, and the interest is evidently increasing, I am told.

As ever, J. N.
Portland Feb. 16, 1870.

MR. EDITOR: The question is growing serious. Thousands are enlisted. Our debating societies are taking it up, and night after night the air is darkened with flying javelins. Utah has had a "sun burst," and 25,000 women are chanting the hymn of Mirjam, "Jehovah has triumphed! His people are free!"

One petition, if no more, has gone up winged with fire, to the assembled statesmen, philanthropists and patriots of Maine. And women are admitted to our colleges and medical schools and pulpits by the score, both at home and abroad; and conventions are multiplying everywhere.

But on the other side, new arguments are taking the field, horse, foot and dragons.

For example, one lachrymose gentleman—a clergyman, they say—"would not like to see women running to fires!" As if all women would be obliged to run to fires, if they were allowed to vote! Perhaps the gentleman would not like to see a woman running for a doctor, if his wife were taken suddenly ill; and perhaps—I wouldn't be too sure—perhaps, if he would take the trouble to inform himself, he would find that male voters are not all found running to fires.

Another argument flashes up in this shape. A remonstrance, headed by Mrs. Dahlgren the admiral, has gone up to a Congressional Committee, and has been cleverly argued by a gentlewoman of the party, in an unwritten speech; for all which let us be devoutly thankful, since in this way it is, that women are to emancipate themselves.

But if the newspapers tell the truth, as they sometimes do, I verily believe, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, the whole ground of that remonstrance and that speech, resolves itself into this: That the right of suffrage will only add to the burdens of the sex; and therefore

these far-seeing and sagacious women would set their faces against it.

But how it would add to their burdens, does not appear. Men are not obliged to vote. Men are not obliged to keep arms in their houses. But they may, if they will; and all that women ask—women of common sense, I mean, is, that they, too, may be allowed the privilege, without being obliged to exercise it.

"But if women vote they must bear arms." Why so? Do all men bear arms? Are not the aged, over 45, and the young, under 18, exempt? Are not the lame and the halt, the blind and the stammering, the deaf and the dumb, the unhealthy and the unsound, the weak and the helpless, exempted by law? Together with public officers, judges, schoolmasters and ministers, even in time of war? Yet all these may shoulder a musket, if they please, only they are not obliged to do so. Add to their burdens! You cannot add to the burdens of a people who are taxed without being represented, and who have no hand in making the laws that govern them.

A STUMBLING-BLOCK REMOVED.

BY P. HENEL.

THE objection to Woman Suffrage that has most weight with a large class of honest people is this, namely: "Bad women will vote as well as good. We want," they say, "no such impure element infused into our legislation." Poor, innocent souls! that dream they are in heaven! how they will stare with utter astonishment on being assured that these same bad women do, without the ballot, actually control the government. Yet sad and shameful as it is, such is the fact. This is one of the cases in which, although "ignorance is bliss," it is not "folly to be wise." Allow me to cite a few examples for which I have the very best authority.

The Pacific Railroad bill was one magnificent swindle. In order to secure its passage, with all its land grants, and its monopolies, seventy courtezans were brought to the city of Washington. In one way and another, some in the character of pretty unprotected girls, some as dissatisfied wives, fellow boarders, others as interesting young widows, and others still openly plying their infamous profession, obtained control over a majority of the members of both houses, and so had everything their own way.

Again, in order to obtain from Congress a recent Indian Appropriation, twenty-five thousand dollars were distributed by certain interested parties among the proprietors of houses of ill-fame. In this instance, as in the other, the majority of the members were so in the power of these fallen creatures, they dared not do other than as they were bid. If one attempted resistance he was coolly told to take his choice, vote for the bill or be exposed to domestic ruin.

Think of this, honorable ladies of the land. Are your interests safe in such hands? Think of this, wives of Congressmen. Would you not save your husbands from such wickedness, and your nation from such peril?

These are no exceptional cases. This kind of legislative corruption is well known to every one who is privileged (?) with a single glimpse behind the scenes.

The *Washington Evening Star* of the 21st ult., commenting on what it calls "the failure of the oratresses to reach the stony hearts of legislators," quotes the gallant editor of the

New York *Commercial*, who recommends that they, the aforesaid "oratresses," adopt other tactics. "Let them," says he, "select a score of young and pretty advocates of Woman's Suffrage, and send them to haunt the lobby and the committee rooms, to waylay members in the street cars, to chase them up in hotel vestibules, and to follow them to their own rooms. Thus will they conquer Congress."

The same bad influence is brought to bear on state legislators, though perhaps not to such an alarming extent; the wives being nearer and less absorbed in fashionable follies are better able to protect their husbands, and keep them from temptation.

There is a remedy for all this. Suppose now half the members of both Houses were wise and true women. Courtezans, in whatever guise, would have no power over them. Proprietors of houses of ill-fame could not threaten them. Do you not see they would be left free to enact measures that were right and just?

Again, as a matter of national economy—although that is hardly comprised in my subject—the Congresswomen would have no mistresses to support at the public expense, and so the number of clerks in the several departments could be greatly reduced. I heard a fine looking boy of sixteen boasting yesterday that he had received, through his sister's influence with their member, an appointment in the folding room, where he really had almost nothing to do except to draw his salary of a thousand dollars a year. A clergyman's widow with her three fatherless boys presented herself to an acquaintance who is employed at the Capitol, and asked his advice about letting one of them go as page. "O don't do it, madam," said the gentleman, looking compassionately on the pure young faces. "These men ruin the poor pages. They send them into all sorts of places; into places you would not like your boys even to hear mentioned."

Now, I ask, do not these things show the absolute necessity of a thorough renovation, a general clearing out, and a clearing up, of which the good woman's advent is ever the signal?

WOMAN SUFFRAGE A MOCKERY.

DEAR REVOLUTION: The excitement stimulated by the great Woman's Rights Convention, held here a short time since, has settled down into calm days, earnest thought, and effort. The most intelligent and purest women of Washington—whether temporary residents or permanent citizens—are examining, with an interest never before known, the important questions so ably and eloquently discussed in said convention, and already many noble minds—heretofore either active in their opposition, or maintaining towards the cause a frigid silence—are endorsing, with a glowing zeal, every principle enunciated by the talented, heroic and philanthropic leaders in this grand movement to place woman where, untrammelled and free, she can work with man—as God ordained she should—for the rapid advancement of every "good word and work."

While woman's cause is rapidly and firmly marching forward to a glorious and triumphant victory, it is sad to witness the actually profane bigotry which still clouds the minds of some of those who pretend to be progressive spirits. As a "specimen brick" from the brain of a Washington "D.D." who preaches to one of the most enlightened churches in the city, I give

you an extract from a letter written by him in answer to an invitation to be present and open one of the sessions of the Woman's Suffrage Association, by asking the blessing of God thereon. The extract speaks for itself, and is as follows:

I have the feeling that the whole Woman Suffrage movement is a little contrary to the order of things that God has established, and that it is rather a mockery to expect him to bless it.

I withhold the young man's name, hoping he may soon repent and do works meet therefor. I know the time will soon come when he will be ashamed to acknowledge that his hand ever penned such foolish thoughts. What surprises me most is, that this recent comer from the neighborhood of the Athens of New England, preaches to a congregation largely made up of the most active workers and friends of woman's cause. The very next Sabbath after the Woman's Convention, a distinguished Senator and leader of the Woman Suffrage movement, —when in the church of the aforesaid divine a collection was taken up for the benefit of the church erection fund—donated a sum of money sufficient to make up his subscription of three thousand dollars. Another large sum was also given by another distinguished Senator equally pledged to the same cause. I have also, I am sorry to say, to plead guilty to having quietly dropped into the contribution-box several dollars more than I should have done, had I then known that the young minister who was pleading for money, was so lost to the great principles for which Christ died that he could have written to one of the most christian members of his congregation the above letter—"A mockery!" to ask God's blessing upon a cause which is advocated by such an array of worth and talent as is now everywhere seen and heard in defence of this the grandest cause of the nineteenth century! Out upon such flippant blasphemy! Paralyzed be the hand so wickedly engaged! "A mockery! to expect" God to bless the deep, earnest, prayerful soul-work of such noble women as Mrs. Stanton, Mrs. Hooker, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Mott, Miss Anthony, Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Lucy Stone, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Griffing, Mrs. Ames, "Grace Greenwood," Mrs. Tilton, Mrs. Gage, Miss Cousins, Mrs. Burleigh, Mrs. Howe, Miss Brown, and hundreds of others whose names and fame are household words wherever noble hearts are found working, pleading, praying, for the weak, the oppressed, the needy, the destitute, or the wronged of every color, caste or class of God's creatures—"A mockery! to expect him to bless" the great movement ardently engaged in by such men as Beecher, Pomeroy, Wilson, Mill, Carpenter, Wade, Purvis, Higginson, Tilton, Phillips, Pillsbury, Garrison, Foster, Robinson, Julian, and a host of others, foremost in this, as in other great measures, for the elevation and amelioration of the condition of suffering humanity wherever found. I forbear saying more.

I trust there may be courage enough in the present Congress to do right, and perseverance to hold to what is done without being bullied into a false position, as the records of the last Congress will show was done, to wit: After both houses had agreed to so regulate an appropriation for the pay of the employees of the government, that some slight attempt should be made to pay the women the same as men for like services rendered.—a committee of conference, whose business it was to confer upon measures on which there was a disagreement between the two Houses, gallantly over-stepped

all parliamentary law, and struck out the clause relating to woman's wages, and notwithstanding several Senators argued against this great wrong, the joint committee's report was finally adopted in the Senate and unanimously acquiesced in by the House. Supposing the women affected by this unwarranted legislation had been men, would this injustice have been allowed? None so foolish as to say, yes. Why is it that bill after bill, looking to the correction of this infamous iniquity has, by request, been introduced and referred in times past, simply to be laughed at by the committees having them in charge, in whose desks they have slept the sleep which knows no waking? The answer is plain; it is because members of Congress have not the courage to do right. For shame on you, law-makers! who compel your mothers, sisters and daughters to labor for government for half what you give your fathers, brothers and sons for doing exactly the same work in amount and kind. Who is there who will champion this measure through, and save the present Congress from the shame of the past! ORO.

Washington, D. C.

TOBACCO.

BY A WOMAN.

THAT in the majority of cases the pernicious and filthy use of tobacco by the "head of the house," is productive of discomfort and daily martyrdom to the female inmates of the family is a disgraceful fact. And so blunted are the moral sensibilities of those addicted to its use that a wife's protest against its polluting effects is considered the acme of feminine squeamishness and perversity. The utter indifference men usually exhibit for a wife's preference for pure air and sweet breath in a bed-fellow, affords another example of woman's degrading subjection to man. Their most sublimated ideas are, that to question a husband's divine right to make a nuisance of himself in the family circle, by smoking, chewing and spitting, is blasphemous as disputing leading theological dogmas of the day. If he chancs to possess manhood above the grade of a drunkard, thief or murderer, the acquisition of so model a "protector" should render her oblivious to a suffocating atmosphere whenever he chooses to remain at home. With few exceptions, keeping the mouth unceasingly supplied with cigars, meerschaums and quids constitutes the highest happiness of the modern "male." His tobacco saturated body is not a fit temple for the manly virtues, and tends surely to develop among progressive persons that psychological disease called "disgust." The mass of victims to this habit are our rankest opposers to Equal Rights, and so long as the supply of four billion pounds of tobacco, which are annually consumed in this country continues, there is not much prospect of mental illumination in that quarter. The spirit of reform, that marks the age, and is grappling with error in every department, brings an acute realization to woman, of long endured abuses, meek submission to which ceases to be a virtue as the light of Reason and Justice arms her with courage to combat the forces that have so long sunk her in the depths. In the new era dawning, her sense of right will not be so atrociously outraged, and cleanliness at least be a requisite in the future husband and father.

DETRACTION is a sin against justice.

Foreign Correspondence.

LETTER XLVI.

MANCHESTER, February, 1870.

A NOTE OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

I SEND you, by book post, Harriet Martineau's *Four Letters on the Contagious Diseases Acts*. It is now generally known that Miss Martineau is the author of the letters, though they do not bear her name, as, having retired from the field of literary labor, on account of her very feeble and precarious state of health, she does not wish again to appear before the public in the capacity of an author.

In my last letter, I mentioned the donation of one hundred pounds from an anonymous "Englishman" in aid of the agitation which Englishwomen have set on foot to compel public attention to the question so ably treated by Miss Martineau in this pamphlet. The following letter with reference not only to that special work, but to the Woman question in general, is so encouraging that its cheering note deserves to be repeated on your side of the water. It is addressed to Mrs J. E. Butler, as Secretary of the Ladies' National Association for the Repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts:

MADAM: I have read with no little interest the letters of "An Englishwoman" on the subject of the iniquitous "Contagious Diseases Bill," and I have the greatest pleasure in enclosing first half of bank note for £100 (second half by next post) as my contribution in aid of the noble movement which Englishwomen have set on foot to compel public attention to this question.

It is my painful misfortune to have been personally cognizant of the social evils of a military station, and I have come to the careful and deliberate conclusion that our present military arrangements, in time of peace, are quite incompatible with morality. I am unwillingly driven to agree with the dramatist who, speaking of an hostile army, says, "Where'er they march in anger, desolation tracks their progress; where'er they pause in amity, affliction mourns their friendship!"

I am in hopes this discussion will turn public attention to "some more excellent way" of settling international disputes than by standing armies.

But the question with which you are more immediately connected is only one branch and offshoot, as it were, of that greater question of "Woman's Wrongs," which I confidently trust the present generation will yet see settled. Permit me, then, through you, to offer a few words of encouragement to the little band of active women-workers whom you represent.

I would remind them that it took near a century and a half of agitation and resistance to abolish the Test Act; more than thirty years to obtain Catholic emancipation; more than fifty years to emancipate our West India slaves; over thirty years to abolish the corn and provision laws; and more than seventy years, and by several successive and difficult steps, to bring the reform of Parliament into its present condition.

But, I believe, no such length of time and devotion will be necessary in order to bring the legal and social position of women into greater harmony with justice and common sense.

The peculiarity of the present agitation for the redress of "woman's wrongs" is, that so far as I can see, there is a total absence of any feasible argument against your demand; so that all that is required is a persistent keeping of those demands before the public. At first, you are treated with ridicule, as is always the case. When a deputation of corn-law repealers waited upon Lord Melbourne, he told them the idea of a total repeal of the corn laws was that of a madman! By-and-by, if you steadily persist, the well-intentioned but stolid middle-class Englishman will begin to ask, "What is all this noise about?" He will then, for the first time, think it worth his while to examine your demands. He will find a complete absence of reply to you in argument. In the present state of political parties, you may hope on some contingency to turn an election or two, and forthwith your cause is won. Then everybody will wonder that there should ever have been any question of the justice and public advantage of women having votes; and everybody will say he never had any objection to Woman Suffrage! Where is the man to be found who

will admit that he opposed the repeal of the corn laws, or favored the Crimean war? Go on, then, and prosper! I shall watch your proceedings with intense interest, and, when necessary, I will gladly draw in your aid another arrow from the same quiver.

Believe me, madam, yours very respectfully,
AN ENGLISHMAN.
To Mrs. George Butler.
January 4th, 1870.

WORK IN THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE COMMITTEES.

The London Committee is proceeding with its arrangements for lectures in various towns in the southern counties. Petitions to Parliament will be presented from each of these towns, and from many other places. It is probable that the work of petitioning will be followed up on a more extended scale than ever before, this year, in order to support the bill "To Remove the Electoral Disabilities of Women," which will be introduced during the next session of Parliament by Mr. Jacob Bright and Sir Charles W. Dilke, Bart.

The Secretaries of the Bristol and Clifton Committee, Miss Lillias S. Ashworth and John F. Norris, Esq., have issued invitations to a public meeting in support of the bill, to be held in the Bristol Athenæum on the 4th of February.

Professor Newman's lectures at Taunton and Bath take place this week. They will, I doubt not, urge home the subject of Woman's Suffrage upon the public mind with added force in consequence of the recent revelations on questions deeply affecting women, and well calculated to quicken conviction of the absolute need that exists for their direct representation in the national legislature.

The Edinburgh Committee is about to publish the proceedings of the great meeting, held there last week, for circulation all over the country. Mr. Jacob Bright's speech at that meeting was so able an exposition of the question, in its present stage, with us, that if your space permits, I hope you will give it a place in the columns of THE REVOLUTION.

The Manchester Committee is organizing lectures in different places in the north in support of Mr. Bright's bill. The annual report presented at our meeting in December, with that of the former year also, has been sent to the editor of every newspaper in the United Kingdom. They have elicited numerous leading articles on the question, most of them treating it reasonably and favorably, and with a marked improvement in tone and spirit upon that which the subject received two years ago. The difficulty of "having nothing to answer" seems to press hard upon our opponents, and as has been well said, the characteristic assigned to women, of acting upon feeling, instead of upon reason, appears to be the attitude now assumed by the men who oppose us.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

The University of Oxford has this year extended its local examinations to girls; and centres are now being appointed at the principal towns for the examination which is to take place in June.

At Cambridge, several members of the University have issued a programme of lectures for women like those which have been established in Edinburgh, London and the other principal towns in the kingdom. The scheme is well supported at Cambridge. The *Athenæum* says to-day: "It will surprise many, especially old students in the Royal Academy, to learn that the last admitted batch of probationers to the Antique School comprised eleven ladies. Eleven were already in this school. Many of the pro-

bationers have studied in the schools of the Art department, South Kensington.

Difficulties having been thrown in the way of the ladies obtaining anatomical instruction in Edinburgh, the *Scotsman* learns that the Professors of Anatomy at two of the three other Scotch Universities have come forward to offer to the ladies the instruction which is denied them. The Professor of Anatomy in one of the London schools has also expressed his readiness to make arrangements for their instruction in this branch of science.

A French scientific review called *Les Mondes* advertises a course of Anatomy by Dr. Auzoux, to begin this week in the amphitheatre of the school of medicine; a course of Physiology, human and comparative, animal and vegetable. The notice adds, "Places are reserved for ladies."

At a meeting of the French Imperial and Central Association of Agriculture, last week, a gold medal was awarded to a lady, Hypolita Meunier of Versailles, for a popular treatise on Hygiene, entitled, "*Docteur du Village*."

THE PROPERTY OF MARRIED WOMEN.

I send you the Second Annual Report of the Executive Committee for promoting the Married Women's Property bill. You will recollect that this bill, after passing by an overwhelming majority through the House of Commons, last session, was set aside by the House of Lords. Thus the labor that had been expended on it was at once thrown away, and will have to be done afresh next session. As Parliament will reopen next month, we must be collecting our forces to secure this measure. Its importance may be estimated numerically and financially from the fact that: "In England and Ireland there are 1,000,000 married women engaged in occupations by which they earn money. Suppose each woman earns on an average £20 a year, the pecuniary interest involved in one year's operation of the Married Woman's Property bill will be twenty millions sterling." The indirect consequences cannot be so easily computed, but it is obvious that they will vitally affect the status of women, and that a just recognition of the rights of property of a wife are indispensable to that model "marriage creed" of our revered friend, Lucretia Mott, which I think runs thus:

Independence—equal.
Dependence—mutual.
Obligations—reciprocal.

MARRIAGE LAW AMONG THE ANCIENT IRISH.

Our government has lately published an edition carefully prepared from the old manuscripts of the *Ancient Laws of Ireland* called the *Senchus Mor*, or "Great Collection—or Body of Ancient Knowledge." It was composed about the year 440, and was therefore the established law of Ireland before the Romans left Britain. It was only superseded by the English law in the reign of James I., and traces of its influence exist at this day. A more remarkable instance of the slowness of human progress, in some directions, can hardly be adduced than that afforded by a comparison of the marriage law one thousand four hundred and thirty years ago with the law from which we seek redress at the present day. For example:

With regard to marriage, the *Senchus Mor* recognized three cases:

"The first case was where the husband and wife had equal property; the second where the wife was supported upon the property of the husband; and the third where the husband was supported upon the property of the wife. In

the first of these the wife, who was called the wife of equal dignity, was recognized in all respects as equal with her husband, and it was not lawful for either party, except in certain specified cases, to make contracts without consent of the other. At a time when the English law of husband and wife, which has now for three centuries been substituted for the Irish law, has been condemned by a Committee of the House of Commons, as unjust towards the wife, and when the most advanced of teachers are trying to devise some plan by which the wife may be placed in a position more nearly approaching to equality with the husband, it is interesting to discover in the much despised law of the ancient Irish the recognition of the principle upon which efforts are being made to base our legislation on this subject."

In all duties and rights the position of a mother was equal to that of a father in these ancient and honorable institutes of Ireland.

Yours, very truly, REBECCA MOORE.

RELIGIOUS RITES.

Nor long ago a sect was reported somewhere in New York that had restored the ancient ceremony of washing the disciples' feet. Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has almost become a priestess of that faith or form, as appears in one of her late discourses; and a genuine revival and restoration of it as expounded below, by her, could not be undesirable:

Mrs. Howe said if we are behind the requirements of our age in anything, it is in the Christian theory of service, which she considered was finally and practically illustrated by Christ when he washed the feet of the disciples. She denounced as hypocritical the washing of the cardinals' feet by the Pope and those of the female pilgrims by the Roman princesses, but continued:—Yet I saw the other day something which made me think very seriously about the first Christian washing, and the best way of imitating it. A poor woman having earnestly sent to me for aid, in view of the dangerous illness of her children, I called myself to inquire into their condition. The children were not ill—the story had been but the employment of a common device to obtain money. But how they should ever have been well in such living and keeping, appeared the problem. The baby, fat and smiling, was a mass of rags and dirt; the other children, half covered, hung about the stove, or slept still in the unwholesome bed. At the moment I was taken by surprise, and took my leave with few words. But I afterwards thought that to have taken those children in hand, to have thoroughly washed and cleaned them, to have turned out for a moment the thrifless mother, scrubbed the floor, and aired the room and bedding, this would have been a good form in which to have applied the symbolical washing of the dear Christ. And I propose to you, ladies, that a band of us should, at proper intervals, go through those miserable dwellings, and, collecting the neglected children, give them and their mothers a realizing sense of how disciples should wash.

TEXT.—If a woman wants to chop wood, why let her!—Horace Greeley.

COMMENTARY.—Mrs. Samuel Harford, who lives at Moosehead Lake, in Maine, asserts her belief in Woman's Rights by chopping wood, paddling a canoe, going with her husband and neighbors in their hunting and fishing excursions, and doing her full share of the rude labor. She takes her bag of yarn with her, with which she employs her evenings and such days as are too stormy to fish with profit. She is an inveterate smoker. Her dress is that usually worn by women, except that she has a heavy overcoat over all. Last winter she chopped a hundred cords of wood, besides attending to her domestic affairs, and so must be a woman after Greeley's own heart.

The Revolution.

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NEW YORK, MARCH 10, 1870.

THE ANNIVERSARY.—The Call will be found in another column. Irving Hall is now one of the most spacious, commodious and convenient in the city, easy of access from every direction by street cars and stages. Friends of the Association should be making their arrangements to attend, especially those living at a distance. The sublime importance of the enterprise, the many encouragements already attending it, assurances of complete triumph at no distant day, if there be no fainting nor faltering in the work, and a card of speakers for the occasion, the most brilliant the country affords, will conspire to render this the grandest and most significant gathering ever held since the Woman's movement was first inaugurated.

THE FAMILY A UNIT.

NAVASOTO, Texas, Feb. 22, 1870.

Mrs. STANTON.—Dear Madam: The question of Woman Suffrage is exciting some attention in Texas. It is now in the first stage of all popular arguments—Ridicule. You perhaps are familiar with all the objections that have been urged against the measure, and the arguments with which the objections are combated. I will state one objection presented by Mr. Boutwell (now Secretary of the Treasury), in a speech delivered in Congress several years ago, which I have never seen satisfactorily answered. It seems to me the most decisive argument against the measure I have yet heard. The or rather "a family" seems to be the unit upon which society is most naturally organized. To such a unit, like that of government, there should be a recognized and responsible head, without which alike in a family as in civil government, anarchy, instead of order, would be the rule. During the minority or incapacity of the children to care for and govern themselves (whilst obedience and reverence are unquestionably due to both parents), there must, it seems, in the nature of things, be one undivided and controlling authority in the household.

I have written this in a sincere desire, to see the objection above presented refuted. I agree with you in many things, and often think that Woman Suffrage is a right that cannot be withheld in a Republican government, without violating the principle, that all "just government is founded upon the consent of the governed." Then I pause at the single objection named.

I know of no greater service to the cause which you have with so much ability and zeal espoused than a refutation of this simple objection would be, I mean, of course, in the south.

We have seen thousands of illiterate negroes go to the polls and cast their ballot without even knowing the meaning of the terms constitution. They form in lines and vote as they are bid by those in whom they have confidence. I am of those who favored their enfranchisement, and now that the right is placed beyond question by the ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment, why is it that the educated and refined ladies of the country are not permitted to exercise the same privileges with the most stupid of the land? That's the question.

Very truly your friend, C. CALLEWELL.

The idea of an undivided and controlling authority passed away with despotic govern-

ments, infallible churches, and the enslavement of woman. Every new step in civilization tends to individual sacredness, dignity, responsibility, alike in the church, the state and the home. The long discussion of political, religious and social freedom, that has rent so many civil, ecclesiastical and family institutions asunder, and deluged the earth in blood is based on the theory of individual judgment, and each struggle has been an achievement in this direction. The recognition of this principle has abolished slavery the world over; is extending political rights to new classes of men under all governments, shaking the authority of the Pope, and calling public attention to the rights of little Patrick in school; trembling in the hands of the infuriated pedagogue who proposes to force knowledge into his skull with a hickory stick.

In this general upheaving, it is folly to suppose that woman will remain like an Egyptian mummy embalmed in the traditions of ages, just where man may choose to place her. What he has done with his "unit idea" in the state, and the church, we shall do with it in the home. If a republican form of government in which Tom, Dick or Harry has his vote, and a church in which any illiterate clown has the right to expound, protest and administer the ordinances, are best for man's growth and development, why might not the times be improved by the recognition of the right of an intelligent, educated, virtuous woman, to her own person, property, wages, children, and the public expression of her political and religious opinions.

But to look at this "unit idea" more closely. How many families are units to-day, and how many men are capable of representing all the thoughts, ambitions, opinions of their wives, daughters and sons? When the sons twenty-one years old vote, and the daughters who own property and pay taxes are dragged into the courts, tried and hung, where is this family head, this lordly "unit" in whom all the family penalties as well as privileges should centre?

In the state of New York are 50,000 drunkards, guzzling in gin-shops all day and lying in the gutters all night, "the family unit" to represent honest, hard-working wives and children at the ballot-box. Look at the multitudes of families, where supposed heads are locked up in prison-walls; shall they not be represented in the government and have their "family unit" because their respective heads, knaves, blacklegs, burglars and murderers have chosen to reside for a term of years at Sing or Auburn? The tendency of modern ideas fortunately is not in favor of an increase of power in the heretofore recognized head of the family, but the reverse. The long established doctrine of the husband's right to rule is one of the questions now under consideration, and in its settlement, it is evident wives propose to have their say. The advance legislation in many of our states has already seriously unsettled the husbands' ancient prerogatives, and forewarns all these petty tyrants that the time is not far distant when the republican form of government must be recognized at every fire-side throughout the land.

The "unit idea" in the state amounts to as little as it does in the home. If we look at the government in reference to those who control it under the manhood suffrage system, we find it relates to men as individuals and not as heads of families. The white male citizens twenty-one years old are the qualified voters. They are not required to be heads of families. The single man has the same civil and political rights that the married man has. The family is

not known as a governing power in the State.

Again, if we look at government with reference to its end and objects: the protection of the rights and liberties of the people, we find it recognizes individuals and not families. Both sexes are held individually responsible to law. Both alike pay taxes and the penalty of their crimes. A man is not presumed in law to be the head of a family for any purpose, whatever. The law takes cognizance of the family relations only as they are brought to its notice.

As to children during their minority and majority too, mothers always have done and probably always will do the governing, whatever may be the theory as to the father's absolute rights, and for one good reason: she is ever at home, he seldom is.

The man idea of government is the sword, the gallows, the whip, the toe of the boot, long prayers before breakfast and superfluous to bed. Against all this woman is working to usher in a new day of love, peace, equality and mercy.

The true unit will be found in the perfect combination of the masculine and feminine elements in the state, the church and the home; and until we have this, all things will remain fragmentary and disorganized as we find them to-day.

WOMEN AS JURORS.

Now one of the adjuncts of female citizenship is about to be tested in Wyoming. Eleven women have been drawn as jurors to serve at the March term of the Albany County Court. It is stated that immense excitement has been created thereby, but the nature of the aforesaid excitement does not transpire.

Will women revolutionize justice? What is female justice, or what is it likely to be? Would twelve women return the same verdict as twelve men, supposing that each of them had heard the same case? Is it possible for a jury of women, carrying with them all their sensitiveness, sympathies, predilections, jealousies, prejudices, hatreds, to reach an impartial verdict? Would not every criminal be a monster, provided not a female? Can the sex, ordinarily so quick to pronounce pre-judgments, divest itself of them sufficiently to enter the jury-box with unbiased minds? Perhaps it were best to trust the answer to events. Women may learn to be jurymen, but in so doing they have a great deal to learn.

And men, it is to be supposed, then, nothing. It is the Philadelphia Press that talks so. As if men never "revolutionize justice!" As if they never "gave justice its death," as Lord Chatham once said, by their verdicts! "What is female justice? or what is it likely to be?" the Press asks. Sure enough, what is it? Is it likely to be worse than male justice? Can it be worse? If so, let woman be kept out of the jury-box till the last one ascends to the tribunal of the final Judge. Jury trials are, and have long been, in many places, and Philadelphia and New York are illustrious instances, but insulting mockeries of the name of justice and righteousness. Within three days some of the most respectable journals in this city have been holding them up to the scorn and derision of mankind, a doom they have long deserved. Nearly every press in the nation, within three years, has been denouncing, not only jurymen, but judges, from Chief-Justice Chase himself, down to the village Dogberries, as corrupt. What, then, can be expected of juries? Law-suits have come to be dreaded worse than death. Long as a law suit, is a comparison pertinent to any occasion or circumstance, shorter than eternal duration itself. Buonaparte is reported to have said, "if soldiers are not totally depraved, it is the business of war to make them so." So of jurymen. Our "courts of justice," as we, though in mockery, call them, are frequently

the best colleges to teach crime and how to escape punishment, to be found on earth, unless Congress be an exception. Take an angel and train him in our city courts, and keep him there, subject to all the influences that are brought to bear upon jurymen, and he would die a devil ere he was three score and ten.

"Would twelve women return the same verdict as twelve men?" again asks the *Press*, the case being the same. Would the editor have them return the same, suppose he were a party, in one-half the important cases he has ever seen? Suppose some poor girl up for infanticide. Are twelve men, no matter though one were not her seducer (a thing not impossible, however, nor unheard of), a suitable jury to sit on the case? Are they a jury of her peers? Do they, can they know what torturing trials and temptations, possible only to woman's nature, may have hurled her on to the commission of crime? Would Col. Forney trust his liberty and life to the decision of twelve women, no matter what his offence, if he knew it was not possible in the nature of things that they could know anything about the nature of it, or circumstances under which it was committed? It is Burns who says:

What's done, ye partly may compute;
But know not what's resisted.

True, as the *Press* says, women may have a good deal to learn, to be "jurymen," but not more about many cases always occurring, than men. The newspaper editors and scribblers are making themselves quite too merry over this new phenomenon in human government. A little more modesty, in view of their past history and present standing, both as jurors and judges, would surely become them. An old Member of Congress told me the other day that thirty years ago, when he sat in the House, there was one man whose vote could be bought, and was bought in not rare instances. But, he added, nobody respected him, nobody could. Both parties used him as they had occasion, and despised him perpetually. But to-day, not only Congress, but the Supreme Court itself, bench, bar, and jury-box, seem to be in the market, for sale to the highest bidder. No wonder woman is not wanted there!

P. P.

WOMEN AS GOVERNMENT CLERKS.

ONLY the constantly crowded state of our columns prevents inserting the whole of a recent debate in Congress on increasing the pay of women clerks in the Departments. Mr. Dawes and Judge Kelley evidently were right in their conclusions that such is the power of the ballot that whoever possesses the right of it can turn it to profit in obtaining such emolument as members of Congress have to bestow.

Representative Dawes of Massachusetts said, the great question which underlies the employment of female clerks is in fact that the same services can be procured cheaper for the government by the employment of female clerks than by the employment of male clerks. I submit there is no answer to the position which I take, that when the male and the female clerks are put upon the same footing, the whole number of female clerks will be turned out to make way for those who have done the dirty work in political conventions through the influence of those whom they served to bring here. Intelligent females, both in and out of the Departments, look practically at this matter just as I do.

And Judge Kelley of Pennsylvania added that

justice requires that the government shall pay to whoever does work for it all it is worth and no more, and therefore if I could with safety to them vote to increase the pay of female clerks to an equality with that paid to men, I would do it; but for the reasons so ably set forth by the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, I am satisfied that if you make the pay equal, the ballot and political maneuvering will exclude women from all government employment; voters will get it, and women will be left to strive for themselves in other fields.

Mr. Hoar, Representative from Massachusetts, dissented from what had been said, about giving increased compensation to woman, leading to a rivalry for their places.

But Mr. Dawes said they were talking about places that are filled by noisy politicians from all parts of the country, in compensation for services rendered elsewhere, for political services rendered elsewhere. Now, my colleague, if he was not quite so fresh here, would know that the chief staple of influence at home with most of us is that we are backed up by those who bring in their accounts for services rendered, to be paid in the end by places under the government. They are to be paid for in some way, and most generally are paid for in that way only. Now, when females come in competition with them for these places, and have no other argument to urge, but the fact that they can perform the services required as well as they will be performed if men are appointed, then I say that so long as the trade of politics is what it is in this country, the females cannot contend successfully with these politicians. I say it is wrong, is mean, is contemptible; but still it is the fact.

The argument is sound enough, but the "wrong," the "contemptible meanness" of which Mr. Dawes speaks is in withholding the ballot from woman. There is not one argument for that, half so sound as is that for the lower wages of women so often urged, namely, that "the supply exceeds the demand, and so they had better work for what they can get, rather than starve or do even worse."

P. P.

A QUAKERESS MISSIONARY.—Mrs. P. W. Davis, now in the South, sends the following interesting account:

Several months since, a Miss Smiley of Baltimore, a young Quakeress, went abroad on a religious visit. Not choosing to spend her time among the rich and populous cities of England and Scotland, she crossed over to the Orkney Islands, in fulfillment of her mission. There she was received, entertained and permitted the use of Mr. White's church. Also, soon after she held four meetings in the church of Mr. Armour. These brothers held her to be strictly orthodox, even to the point of "imputed guilt," and were greatly edified by her preaching; but the Presbytery became alarmed, fearing that women were about to usurp authority over men, and that it was contrary to Scripture that a woman should preach or teach, or in fact that there should be any lay preaching. For two days the Presbytery discussed the propriety of censuring the two brothers; but in the meanwhile the interest to hear Miss Smiley became so great that it amounted to a perfect *furore* and she preaching fifty-eight times in fifty days to audiences of one thousand five hundred. This popularity among the people induced a reconsideration among the ministers and a mild reproof was administered to the rebels instead of censure and suspension. The world moves.

MISS ANTHONY AS LECTURER.

THE illness of Mrs. Stanton almost drove Miss Anthony to the platform. But she succeeds beyond her own expectations, perhaps, not those of her friends. Last week she was in Pennsylvania, though giving one lecture on her route, in Pittsburg. The Pittsburg *Commercial* precedes an extended abstract of the lecture with the following notice of the lecturer:

Miss Susan B. Anthony lectured at the Academy of Music last evening, under the auspices of the Grand Army of the Republic, upon the subject of work, wages, and the ballot. The lecture was one of the most successful of the course, and the large audience was made up principally of thinking, intelligent people, who, whether they agreed with all the sentiments of Miss Anthony or not, certainly gave her their careful attention and warmly applauded some portions of the lecture. Miss Anthony evidently lectures not for the purpose of receiving applause, but for the purpose of making people understand and be convinced. She takes her position on the stage in a plain and unassuming manner and speaks extemporaneously and fluently, too, reminding one of an old campaign speaker, who is accustomed to talk simply for the purpose of converting his audience to his political theories. She used plain English and plenty of it, for her lecture, although she talked quite rapidly, occupied about an hour and half. She clearly evinced a quality that many politicians lack—sincerity. Miss Anthony was introduced by Capt. McLanahan who announced that Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton would deliver the last lecture of the course, and said that he had the pleasure now of introducing her distinguished co laborer.

WHAT a piece of work the papers are making because eleven women have been drawn for jury duty in Wyoming! Since that, how many juries have been formed over the country, all of men, and to try not men only, but women? to try women for deeds about the temptations to which, men can know comparatively nothing. Men have monopolized the whole court of the land, from judge to jury, for a hundred years almost, no matter who was tried, or for what offence, and it is time for *Revolution*. And *Revolution* must and shall come. It is begun already. A bench, bar and jury-box packed with men to try some poor, forlorn Hester Vaughan for infanticide, with a Gov. Geary behind to execute their decision, death, though it be, unless all earth and heaven be moved to prevent, is not a spectacle on which God and his holy angels are likely to look with smiles of approval!

O, no! Let us put women on juries and school committees, and make them trustees of orphan and widow's asylums, and directors of houses of correction and prisons established by government for the confinement and correction of women and children, and see what will come of it. Let the press demand so much, even if it can't advocate Woman Suffrage, and not be sneering (like great, *gaudy* boys over some new thing) at Wyoming, which is only doing what should have been done in 1787 all over the twelve original states of the Union, and by every state added and territory organized, since.

MISSIONARY WORK.—The great missionary associations of states and the nation have worked their machinery, some of them for more than half a century, to comparatively little purpose, compared with the achievements of one woman, a Miss Rankin, who writes to the *Christian World* from Monterey, that she employs fifteen men and women as evangelists, colporteurs, and Bible readers, and could send out immediately a dozen more men, if she could provide for their families.

Editorial Correspondence.

JACKSONVILLE, Florida, Feb. 16, 1870.

DEAR REVOLUTION: Arriving in this city, we find in the hospitable climate a most genial welcome; friends made in our former hibernating, smile pleasantly as we leave the steamer and go up Bay street, looking with wonder at the new wharves, stores, and the pretty houses with their broad verandahs, the very sign and seal of comfort in this climate. Never take board where there is not a verandah and green blinds to the windows. Front yards, which last May were unbroken ground, are now full of blooming flowers; great rose geraniums, verbenas, heliotrope, and mignonette refresh us as we sniff their perfume, then a peep into the kitchen-gardens where we spy lettuce, cabbage, young beets and peas in bloom, give us visions of good dinpers. A friend welcomes us for a visit, and here we rest till our heads get over the sea motion; then comes the search for a home. One boarding-house after another passes in review; in some they have no rooms to suit, and in others we are not disposed to stay. In due time we call at the Stickney House, which has a cheerful aspect; we meet an old friend who hopes we will be suited here, the landlady greets us kindly, shows us a pleasant room; it is just what we want, and here we locate, where we can look up the beloved St. John's almost to Mandarin, and out on great live oaks that are now just casting off their old leaves and putting on their new dress for 1870. It is a curious blending of autumn and spring, a marriage which does not disturb by want of harmony; it interests from its novelty. Summer laps over autumn into winter, then the autumn and spring join hands, the leaves fall while the new ones are putting forth and are protected for a time by the old. The beautiful tender green on the ends of the limbs and in bunches looks like fresh trimming on a sombre dress, the old are dark, highly polished and only become sere just as they are ready to fall. We walk beneath them, and the leaves rustle and flutter gently down as in our October days, and the temperature answers to the pleasantest days of that month at the north. The oranges are just beginning to bloom and fill the air with their fragrance, great golden ones catch the eye and tempt to covetousness, but they hang high and are sour, so we buy sweet ones at Well's in Bay street, or go out on the dock when a sloop comes in from Enterprise with luscious sweet ones, sweet as oranges can be, and spirited, too. The banana's are being uncovered, for on this side the river frosts do come sometimes too strong for their great tender leaves. Yesterday we examined the buds of some of the plants, and shall watch their growth with interest.

Peaches are excellent, as we judge from the flavor of the dried and canned, which we eat. Strawberries, blackberries, and raspberries need but little cultivation. Gerava's, African pears, papan plums, apricots, nectarines, pomegranates, oranges, olives, figs of several varieties, in short, all the semi-tropical fruits and vegetables are grown here, or may be, and a large proportion of the fruits and vegetables of the temperate zones. Potatoes have been considered the exception, but they have already learned that by planting them very shallow, they will grow and yield as well as at the north, and are light and mealy, but will not keep as long. The climate and soil are specially adapted to the sugar cane, the season being longer, the cane ripens better than in Louisiana. It also

yields good cotton and rice. The pine forests furnish turpentine in abundance, and from the rosin the best of gas is made for the city. Let the resources of the state but be developed by science and skilled labor, and it will be the very garden of our country.

The summer climate is delightful, far better for invalids than the winter long months of sunshine, the mercury, rarely rising above ninety, or falling below eighty. The cool nights and frequent showers, give sore lungs time to heal and grow strong. At ninety it never seems as warm as at the north at eighty, for there is a softness in the air coming from the water on either side the peninsula and through the pine forests, that takes away its burning intensity and gives a soothing effect to overtaxed nerves. If we could colonize all the nervous, neuralgic people of New England, and let them work off their superfluous energy here it would be a great thing for the world.

The evil effects of slavery become more and more manifest at every visit. The first flush of joy over at gaining freedom, the natural indolence of the race is again manifest. To a certain extent they are trying to improve, and their religious natures tend to uplift them. They seem to have a natural adaptation to politics, a liking for talking at the corners of the streets, imitative beyond comparison, this stage of transition must be expected, for they must go through all the phases to attain civilization. Their physical, mental, and moral condition is so infinitely superior to that of the poor whites, that no comparison can be made between them. The missionary work of the world is needed here.

The indolence of the men of both races is more marked than that of women. During slavery times, the wife, as soon as installed in her position as mistress, became nurse and physician to the whole plantation, she weighed and measured, cut and directed the making of all the clothing, carried the keys, looked after everything, was really a housewife, or the plantation went to ruin, no matter how much cotton or sugar was made. Now she is able to turn her knowledge to account, and it is not unfrequent to find these women supporting husbands, brothers, and a family of children. The colored women, imitative and kindly in disposition follow the example of the women they are brought in contact with, while the men crowd the wharves, smoke, drink and do as they are taught, just as little boys at home take their manly manners from the street lessons.

The laws of Florida and the constitution do not differ materially from Massachusetts, therefore a woman, whether white or black, has no right to the child she has borne, to the property she has earned, or is earning by her hard labor.

Those who have emigrated to the state seem to have left their public spirit behind, if they ever had any. They will build a large house, rent their rooms or take boarders, leaving the earthworks close to their doors with ditches, where one is in danger of breaking his neck, if not always on guard. The plank sidewalks are left to rot and break away, and nobody thinks of repairing them. Two ladies have received injuries by falls, which will probably affect them for life. There are no scavengers, save the pigs, and they are left to "roam at their own sweet wills," and at any time you are liable to run into a whole family of them. If ambitious of office, it would be to be Street Commissioner. It would be most satisfactory to see these lazy men set to work to clean and repair the walks, clear the vacant lots of nuisances

and plant trees where the war destroyed them. Houses might be burned, pianos split up for firewood, all supplies cut off, but to destroy one of these glorious trees was an unpardonable sin, and only ages hence, when time has repaired the wrong, can it be forgotten.

They come, they come! Every screaming steamer brings its freight of sad, wan faces, some to die here, others to have their days lengthened and their sufferings mitigated by change of climate. Shall we ever prize health as our first and greatest blessing, and so seek to know the laws which govern and control it? Even here where health is professedly the object, you will find ladies dressed in the height of fashion, crocheting, tatting, and embroidering worried by a hot fire,—when the air without is pure, healthful and refreshing as the elixer of life. Not so will they find the spring of eternal youth and beauty, which Ponce de Leon sought. It is found alone by those who will go out in harmony with nature and dwell with her, loving her as a mother and trusting her with a holy faith.

R. W. D.

THE "WORKING WOMAN."

UNDER this head we wish to record what women are doing in the various departments of labor, what new enterprises they are inaugurating, what they have already accomplished. We shall be glad of items, suggestions, and information from any source, which will be of interest in this department, and invite our correspondents to assist us in filling up the record of the working woman.

WOODHULL, CLAFIN & CO., BANKERS & BROKERS.

There is nothing remarkable about that. It is simply a business Sign. It is in the usual style, and there are a thousand others in Wall and Broad streets just like it. Why, then, has it been paraded in the editorial columns of the daily and weekly papers, sometimes with a laugh, more frequently with a sneer, generally with both? Why? Because Woodhull, Clafin & Co. are not James Woodhull and John Clafin, but Victoria C. Woodhull and Jennie C. Clafin, and because, instead of making shirts at fifty cents each (one per day) for a living, these two ladies (for they are ladies) determined to use their brains, their energy, and their knowledge of business to earn them a livelihood.

The advent of this woman firm in Wall street marks a new era, and we concluded to see for ourselves how it looked for woman to be at the head of a banking institution, surrounded by ledgers, high stools, and those evidences of masculine superiority that men have plumed themselves upon so long.

Wall Street has been so exclusively monopolized by men, that it has not yet got over a bad habit of staring at every woman that is not an apple woman, who walks its wide, well-set pavement.

(Trust men for always having the best of everything. Great red apples, pears, bananas, oranges, figs, and the earliest and sweetest maple sugar, flourish soonest, and stay longest, on the stands in and around Wall street.) Broad street is the wide extension of Nassau, below Wall, and at 44 in this street, we found the establishment of Mesdames Woodhull, Clafin & Co.

The office is unpretending, but very deep, and convenient for business. It is fitted, as usual, with a high railing, lined with desks, pigeon-holes, and all the regular banking-house

appurtenances. We walked through to the rear, and were there met by Miss Clafin, a handsome blonde, of perhaps twenty-eight or thirty years, attired in a plain suit of marine blue cloth, trimmed with black astracan, astracan muff, and black velvet hat, with black feathers.

We gave our name and business, explained that it was no vulgar curiosity, but a feeling of genuine interest, and a desire to learn by what spirit their enterprise had been met by business men, that had prompted this visit. Miss Clafin extended, at once, a most cordial reception, and expressed her willingness to do anything in her power to facilitate our object. She removed her hat, led the way to her private office, seated us comfortably on a green-covered lounge, and prepared, with a good grace, to be "interviewed."

S. B. A.—"What first suggested to you the idea of coming into the rush and tumble of Wall street?"

J. C. C.—"The necessity for earning a livelihood in some way or other, a knowledge of financial matters, and unfitness for the slow, dreary methods by which women usually earn a living."

S. B. A.—"Have you received encouragement, or the reverse, from business men? How have they met your courage and daring in penetrating right into the heart of their hitherto impenetrable country?"

J. C. C.—"Oh! with the greatest possible kindness. From men of standing, position and influence, the oldest and most respected names in the street, we have received nothing but encouragement, and cordial offers of assistance. There are a few of the 'small potatoes' sort of men, who never mention the name of any woman, not even their own mother, with respect; who sneer, and try to get off their poor jokes upon us, but that doesn't hurt us, and it will only last a little while. We shall soon be part of the regular machinery, and attract no more attention than any other business firm."

S. B. A.—"How did you obtain the sort of education necessary to fit you for this kind of life?"

J. C. C.—"Natural aptitude, principally, together with early familiarity with the details of business management. I am related to the great 'Clafin,' and my father was once a very successful merchant, and the possessor of a large fortune. He lost it mainly in speculations, and if my sister and I get any part of it back, we shall only regain what should have been our own."

S. B. A.—"Do you find any disposition among merchants and men of business to have their daughters become acquainted with financial and business matters?"

J. C. C.—"Yes, some; and undoubtedly they will more and more, all the time, as the idea becomes familiar to them. A gentleman worth two millions of dollars told us the other day that he had six children, all girls, to whom he expected to leave large fortunes, and that he was more than anything desirous that they should know how to manage them, and administer them for themselves. Two of them, at least, he thought, had the right kind of capacity, and he expressed a wish to place them in our office, to obtain the requisite business training."

S. B. A.—"I think you have got off very easy, so far as the newspapers are concerned. They have had nothing very dreadful to say against you."

J. C. C.—"No; the worst was, that I had been a clairvoyant physician. I did not mind that; it was quite true, and if they had taken the pains to inquire, they would have found that I was a very good doctor, that I cured a much larger percentage of my patients than the regular M.D.'s, and that I never obtained any money on false pretences. They cannot say that we are, or ever were, bad women, that we ever got tight, or visited disreputable places. Why cannot women be put upon their merits, as men are? But if I say I want equality with men, they think I mean, at once, the privilege of getting drunk and being licentious. My opinion is, that business, work, something to do, and something for it when it is done, is the only thing that will put a stop to the social evils."

S. B. A.—"You are right. Men have everything, most women nothing but what men give them. When women want anything, be it bread or a kind word, they must pay the price that men exact for it, and it is nearly always 'a pound of flesh.'"

J. C. C.—"Yes, indeed. Look at this office. Is it not better than sewing drawers at ten cents a pair, or teaching music at ten dollars a quarter? Within the past eleven days, we have made five hundred dollars by commissions on sales alone. This is called very good for a beginning."

We thought it was, and we could not help feeling a great throb of pleasure at meeting, as we passed out, a waiter from a restaurant, with a tray of hot luncheon on his head, and drawing from it an augury of better times to come for women—times when they shall vote the right to put food into their mouths, and money in their pockets, without asking men's leave.

S. B. A.

SORORIS AT WORK.—At St. Ann's church, 18th street a "ladies physiological and sanitary institute" has recently been organized by Dr. Anna Denmore, one of the vice-presidents of Sororis. Its object is to disseminate among women a wider knowledge of the human system, of the laws that govern health and life, the means of preventing sickness, and of securing a healthier motherhood, and a less feebly developed posterity than is now the heritage of the race. For this purpose they propose to have one lecture a week on health topics, including a course to young mothers, that they may realize more fully their duties and responsibilities, and develop a deeper sense of the sanctity of motherhood. In this connection they utter a solemn protest against a great and growing crime—which is actually telling upon the ratio of births—the crime of destroying the germs of humanity, which they truly characterize as "taking a God-given life for whose well-being they are responsible."

VISITORS AT THE REVOLUTION OFFICE.—Among the many callers last week were Jennie Collins of Boston, the chosen champion and apostle of the Eastern Workingwomen, and Mrs. Fletcher of Iowa, the priestess and poet of the Temperance cause, and also of the Equal Rights of Woman in that and other western states. Both had been to Washington in prosecution of their respective missions, and both seemed well pleased with the result of their visits, as from the very favorable newspaper accounts of them, it might be supposed they would.

MRS. JOSEPHINE S. GRIFFING.—It is truly cheering, as well as gratifying, to learn that she is again heard in the lecturing field. Good accounts are given in the papers of her addresses recently in Baltimore and Washington. Others may be better known, and more widely; but the superior of Mrs. Griffing as a lecturer, the country scarcely affords.

ANNIVERSARY
OF THE
NATIONAL WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

THIS Association will hold its regular annual meeting in IRVING HALL New York, beginning of Wednesday, the 11th of May, next, and continuing through Thursday and Friday.

The various Woman Suffrage Associations throughout this country, and the Old World, are invited to send delegates to this Convention prepared to report the progress of our movement in their respective localities. And in order that this annual meeting may be the expression of the whole people, we further ask every friend of Woman Suffrage to consider himself or herself personally invited to attend and take part in its discussions.

With the political rights of woman secured in the Territories of Utah and Wyoming—with the agitation of the question in the various State Legislatures, with the proposition to strike the word "male" from the state constitution of Vermont—with New York, New England and the great West well organized, we are confident that our leading political parties will soon see that their own interest and the highest interests of the country require them to recognize our claim.

The Executive Committee recommend the friends of Woman's Suffrage, everywhere, to concentrate their efforts upon the work of securing a Sixteenth Amendment to the Federal Constitution that shall prohibit any state from disfranchising any of its citizens on account of sex. Therefore, we ask the delegates and friends to come to this May Anniversary with practical suggestions as to how this work shall be done.

Many of the ablest advocates of the cause—both men and women—will address the meetings.

Communications and contributions for this meeting should be addressed to the Corresponding Secretary.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON, Pres.

CHARLOTTE B. WILBOUR, Cor. Sec'y,
151 East 51st street, New York.

ERNESTINE L. ROSE, Chw'n Ex. Com.

GEORGIA.—Mrs. Oliver, said to be of Chicago, has been lecturing there on Woman Suffrage. The Atlanta Daily Intelligencer of Feb. 17, says:

Mrs. Oliver, a female of some thirty summers, lectured in the Capitol last night to an immense audience, consisting of males and females of every age and size. She said that woman had been oppressed for a thousand years, but that sort of thing must have an end. Women must have the right to vote and hold office, to be doctors, lawyers, preachers. They should be clerks in railroad depots, hotels, etc., but above all things, they should monopolize the office of Justices of the Peace.

Some of the remarks, as reported, seem not to have been altogether worthy the subject, but the newspaper articles that have come to hand, show that an interest, or at least an excitement, has been awakened there without parallel since Mother Bickerdyke and Gen. Sherman called round that way.

P. P.

MISS NELLIE RAYMOND, the newly elected Engraving Clerk of the Missouri Senate, is not yet sixteen. Fully competent, Nellie is, to fill a clerk's position at sixteen! How many members of the legislature are in no wise competent! to say nothing of the male voters who elected them!

WHAT WOMEN SAY.

DEAR REVOLUTION: I am feeling indignant because Mrs. Stanton and Susan B. Anthony, the two women who have done most to inaugurate and advance the Woman's Suffrage movement; who have courageously borne the brunt of the battle, when scarcely another had the daring to openly advocate this cause, are now to be put to the wall, by those eager to share the honors, and to wear the laurels of a successful contest. I say put to the wall. I mean, there is a selfish determination on the part of the newly-converted advocates to do this. But they have mistaken their chances; neither Mrs. Stanton nor Susan B. Anthony are to be thus summarily disposed of. For these two noblest and bravest of women have been making history the past quarter of a century, while the new champions were in the sleep of conservatism; and to-day their influence is infinitely greater throughout the length and breadth of this land, and deserves to be, than that of all other forces combined.

E. W. A.

No occasion to feel indignant. E. C. S. and S. B. A. are alive, with no thought of being driven to the wall, and with so much to do, that they are glad of help from any quarter. First, or last, what does it matter, so long as the object is gained, and woman acknowledged equal with man, before the law? We care not who puts an hand to the plough, or who turns back; we shall not turn our faces to the wall, until it shall be as good for a woman-child as a man-child to be born into the world.

THE FLORIDA FREEDMEN.—The Springfield Republican has a Georgia correspondent who says, "it has been impossible, for weeks past, to hire laborers to work on the plantations; and this is not because the 'niggers are so lazy,' but because so many of them have been abused. For, after working one, and in some cases even two years, they have been driven off without a cent of wages paid them, and threatened with personal violence if they ever appeared again. Many of them (benighted souls) prefer indolence with hunger and rags in the city to working on these terms! There are many, however, who have earned since the war lands and houses, such as they are, in this town, and support families in comparative comfort." And the writer might have added, doubtless, that it was not generally their old masters who, "drove them off without a cent," but their new, northern friends.

MRS. STANTON.—Her friends will be glad to learn that her health is so far restored as to enable her to leave home last Saturday to resume her lecture course in the west. Her engagements continue through this month and the next, enabling her to return home just in time for the anniversary at which she will doubtless have reports to make, which will be of thrilling interest to the meetings. For the west is already more awake to woman's demand for justice and the ballot than is the east; and with Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony, both in so promising a field, what golden harvest of results may not be confidently expected! They will probably, by their letters, still keep up acquaintance with the readers of THE REVOLUTION.

THE BOND OF PEACE.—This is a monthly publication, issued from No. 600 Arch st., Philadelphia, by E. James & Co., at one dollar a year. Its prospectus promises well, as seen in this excerpt:

This journal will be devoted to remove the causes, and abolish the customs of war and of the death penalty. It will advocate the equal rights of all men and women: labor and capital. Free trade with all parts of the world as one great family of mankind.

MR. BEECHER'S LATEST WORD.

HENRY WARD BEECHER lectured last week in Boston on the Rights of Woman. The following brief paragraphs prove him soundly orthodox on her right of Suffrage:

The further enlargement of woman's sphere was in analogy with past history, and strictly in line with divine providence. Her rights and duties in all ages were the measure of virtue in society. As society rose, woman came up with it, yet it was not until the present century that the question was raised whether woman was an intellectual being; but she had entered that realm, and now no man questioned her right to be there. In our own day, the question came up whether woman should speak, and that, too, had been settled, for she had spoken. Now the claim was that woman should vote, and her efforts in that direction were met by the same abuse, the same prejudices, and the same criticisms that her efforts to enter the sphere of art and literature had been. It was the old battle in which the opponents of woman had always been beaten and would be now. Why should women not have a voice in the conduct of society? Women were good in affairs of the church, the family, and of the neighborhood; why would not their influence be as beneficial in another sphere? She should have an opportunity to do whatever she could do well. She had the same right to do it that man had, and she should have a chance to try it without let or hindrance; if she succeeded, that would answer the question. Mr. Beecher said he was sure that suffrage would come, although not as soon as some expected, and perhaps only little by little. It would not come first in the churches, for in this country the aristocratic element had taken possession of the churches, so that they might be considered mutual insurance companies against future fire.

In America, suffrage will be the golden key in the hands of poverty, and nothing was such a defence to the weak and an opener of opportunity, as the ballot. The ballot would give to woman a larger sphere of thought and education; she would feel her responsibility, and be elevated thereby; she would grow more sober, more deep and more earnest thereby.

Mr. Beecher said he would urge suffrage for woman because it was a natural right for women to vote. Voting in America was a natural right; every living being had a right to an influential voice in determining the laws, the magistracy, and the policy of the community in which he lived. It was one of the fundamental and inherent rights of every human being. Every man had a provision in himself for self-government, and this must be developed; political privileges should not be scrimped, but educational facilities should be augmented. It is said giving suffrage to women would divide families. If there was anything that would raise an argument it was religion, and yet persons of different religious beliefs lived happily together. In politics the result would be the same; after a little time all differences would be adjusted, and no family troubles would be caused. The great curse of our politics was that it was *he* politics; it was a mere scramble for leaves and fishes. What was needed was the woman element, and the more he saw of politics the more he longed to see that joint influence which God had made the purification of the church, family and neighborhood, tried in the purification of our politics. Woman would carry to politics what she carried everywhere else, self-respect in men; she would raise the tone of morality and decency everywhere.

To the objection that women did not want to vote, Mr. Beecher said that impenitent sinners did not want the gospel, yet they had to get it, and it was good for them. There were women who said they had rights enough and were happy enough, but they must remember the sisters who were in need, who desired to obtain education for their children, temperance in their households and good wages on which to live. They must not judge the wants of the community by their own welfare, but should seek for the adoption of measures by which the happiness of all could be secured.

TEMPERANCE.—Dr. Sumner Stebbins of Pennsylvania has sent to THE REVOLUTION some excellent testimonies to the Temperance cause, written by himself; but press of matter more directly germane to the Woman Suffrage movement may compel their indefinite postponement, though the cause, and its earnest advocacy by Dr. Stebbins, command our most hearty respect.

THE CITY WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.—It held its monthly meeting on Friday at Cooper Institute, was well attended; and was certainly very interesting to at least ten reporters—six women and four men. I do not know of any other small association that helps ten persons to \$5 for the work of an hour. The business of the month was disposed of in order, and the secretary read from the morning Tribune, Grace Greenwood's letter on the debate in Congress over the bill asking that the salaries of male and female clerks be equal. A member made some remarks upon the words of the Senators who took part in the debate, and moved a vote of thanks to Senators Kelley, Stevenson and Voorhees for their eloquent defence of women.

The President read a letter from a woman in Steuben county, which was a complete answer to the first letters written by "One of the Majority" published in the Tribune. Afterward some six or eight men and women addressed the meeting upon subjects connected with suffrage.

The informal meeting of the lady members of the association will be held on Friday afternoon the 11th of March, at Mrs. Dr. Hallock's, 140 East 15th street.

REVOLUTIONS.—The Philadelphia Southern and Western Trade Journal says: "Revolutions never go backward and Mrs. Stanton's is no exception to the rule. Indeed it is more a principle than a rule, for a rule may have exceptions to mar its universality, but a principle, never." The Journal cites Oliver Cromwell, the French revolution, Bismark in Germany, William IV. of England, and others, and says: "they all succeeded and so will Susan's." It then gives its own Confession of Faith in these few words:

Our desire is to do what is right and to stand by progress when progress is not disguised retrogression, and we feel assured that those who oppose the Woman movement will, before 1880, be crushed to pieces beneath the car of an enlightened advancement.

"TAPERING OFF."—Commenting on some expressions of opposition to the cause of Woman Suffrage in a neighboring journal, the *Globe and Press* of this city thus concludes an article of a column:

Meanwhile the movement goes bravely on. The best men of Newark, with mayors and governors, are interested in the cause; the whole state of Vermont is alive with the agitation; the Woman Suffrage bill has passed in Minnesota, by a large majority; in Utah and in Wyoming the women are already voting; in Ohio, Suffrage Associations have been organized in Cincinnati, Columbus, Dayton, Toledo, Springfield, Yellow Springs, Xenia, Odiz, Troy, Cleveland, Ashtabula, Wilmoughby, Jefferson, Painesville, Norwalk, Elyria, Massersville, and other towns; and so the good work is going on all over the land. If this is the way female suffrage is "tapering off," the feeble opposition is welcome to all the light it can get from such candle ends.

EQUAL RIGHTS IN WISCONSIN.—The Equal Rights Association of Wisconsin will hold its second annual meeting in Lappin's Hall, Janesville, commencing at 10 o'clock, a.m., Wednesday, March 16, 1870, to continue two days. Mrs. Stanton, Rev. Mr. Maxon, and Lilly Peckham are to be among the speakers.

WHEN Julia Ward Howe was told that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony had been devoted, faithful friends for twenty years, she remarked: "Bonis unci disturne amicitie capaces sunt;" which is to say, the good only are capable of lasting friendship.

PITIFUL.—A Reverend reviler and blasphemer in Washington, has been preaching a discourse (Doctor Newman, they call him, and he must be *very new*) on woman. His text, chosen with most admirable taste, truly! was Mark 16, ix.:

"Now when Jesus was risen early the first day of the week, he appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast seven devils."

The following paragraph from the sermon, as reported in a Washington paper, is a fair sample of the whole:

The graded order which God has established for intelligent beings is so clearly stated in the Bible that there can be no mistake. At the head of this chain of beings is God the Father and Ruler over all.

Next is Jesus Christ; God the Father is his head, and Christ in turn is the head of man, and man in his turn is head of the woman. On another line of this order Christ is declared to be the head over all the angels. Is Christ degraded because the Father is his head? Are the angels poor, servile creatures, clanking their chains in Heaven because Christ is their head and ruler? Some of these, it seems, thought so, and their attempt to emancipate themselves did not much improve their condition. And if woman spurns the appointed order of God she may become the fallen angel of earth.

MISS ANTHONY IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Miss Anthony lectured on Monday evening in Uniontown, and the *Standard* of that place reports her at some length, commencing as follows:

The distinguished champion of the rights of her sex, Susan B. Anthony, lectured in Skiles's Hall on Monday night. With wit, anecdotes and telling hits, she kept the audience in a continuous excitement for nearly two hours. The theme was so new, the matter so telling, instructive and original that scarcely any of the great audience, composed largely of ladies, were not carried along with her from the beginning to the end of the lecture. She pleaded for the instruction of females in some kind of labor by which they could support themselves, if misfortune or accident should throw them on their resources.

From the account given, and the number of subscribers she obtained for *THE REVOLUTION*, Miss Anthony must have made a very happy impression.

"UP BROADWAY AND SEQUEL."—By Eleanor Kirk. Some selections from the pages of the Sequel (Part Second), are only waiting for space in these columns. Part First is already familiar to our last year readers. The whole makes a handsome volume of 270 pages, in Carleton's best style, and may be had also at this office, 49 East 23d st. Price \$1.50. *THE REVOLUTION* offers no premiums to new subscribers, but if any person will send two, with the six dollars accompanying, a copy of this book will be returned immediately, postage paid.

MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE, who is so prominent a leader in the Woman Suffrage Association of this city, is a lady of southern birth and connections, a daughter of the late George Pollok Devereux, Esq., of North Carolina, and niece, by marriage, of the late Rt. Rev. Leonidas Polk, of Louisiana. Mrs. Blake is a lady of much culture, of pleasing personal appearance, and, although as yet but little practiced, is a speaker of remarkable power and promise.

WYOMING WOMEN AS JURORS.—Woman was empanelled on the Grand Jury for the first time, at least in American history, last Monday, in Laramie city. Not one asked to be excused. The able and interesting address on the occasion, by Judge Dowe, came too late for this week.

THE EVENING GLOBE AND PRESS THINKS:

The very fact that the *Tribune* finds it necessary to oppose the Woman Suffrage movement by publishing several columns of letters from the opposition, shows that the cause has at least made some headway, and is now worthy of notice.

THE REVOLUTION having received the hearty co-operation of so many of the dailies of the city, and the respect, at least, of nearly all, can spare the *Tribune*, if it must be so, to keep company with the *Sunday Mercury* and *Evening Telegram*, with which, on the Woman question, it seems lately to be in full sympathy.

UP BROADWAY AND ITS SEQUEL.—Friends will see by advertisement that Eleanor Kirk's new book is for sale at *THE REVOLUTION OFFICE*—price \$1.50.

We will send the book to every person who sends us two subscribers and \$6. New York city subscribers \$3.20 each.

MINNESOTA.—Come over into Minnesota and help us! is as earnest a cry now from that brave young state, as it could have been to the apostles, from Macedonia. Both men and women write, and it gives us great pleasure to assure them that Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony will probably be able to respond to their call in a very few weeks, if not days.

MRS. CELIA BURLINGHAM returned last week from a very successful lecturing tour in New England, where she everywhere commanded the hearty appreciation of her audience and the praise of the press.

PRACTICAL WORK.—The Chicago Woman Suffrage Association have begun to organize auxiliaries in every county and town in Illinois. That looks like business.

TRAVELLER INSURANCE. It covers all accidents. See advertisement.

LITERARY.

OLD AND NEW. The March number, the third, completes the three degrees of comparison, "good, better, best." January was certainly good, but February was an improvement upon it, and now that March has come, it may be said of it, as of the railroad, or the electric telegraph, the wonder is how Boston and the world have got on so long without it. It certainly does fill a place and supply a want (illustrations excepted) which did actually exist, whether felt or not; indeed all the more needed if it were not felt. The Table of Contents for March contains nineteen articles, the exact number of courses of a Sunday dinner at the best hotels along the Rhine, as this writer proved some fifteen summers ago; beautifully varied, from grave to gay, orthodox, liberal, prose, poetry, nature, art, science, literature, government, religion, humanity, which comprises all; the writers, too, both men and women, which completes the variety. It is probably the largest *Monthly*, too, now published, each number containing almost a hundred and fifty pages, though the price is but \$4 a year. Boston: H. O. Houghton & Co. New York: Hurd & Houghton.

THE CATHOLIC WORLD. The March number contains two articles which show that, though the organ of the Church of the past, its eye is upon the present as well. One is *The Greek Schism*, the other, *Views of the Labor Movement*. The latter is really a voice of warning to all good Catholics against any alliance with the present labor movements. And yet, as laboring people, no class has more at stake in the success of these movements than the myriad membership of the Roman Catholic Church in this country. Many of the "views" are wise and well conveyed; but the Labor movement, as well as the Church, has a destiny to fulfil, and is well on the way towards its consummation. Even now, and not

"will very soon," as the *World* puts it, "Society, the state the church, deeply feel the effects of the agitation of mind and feeling going on among the working people;" an agitation that can no more be impeded than could that which led to the abolition of chattel slavery; and which the Church, Catholic and Protestant, also opposed with deadly, diabolical zeal. The *World's* office of publication is 126 Nassau street. \$5 a year, in advance.

TALES TO MY PATIENTS. Mrs. H. B. Gleason has now in press a medical work with that title which is designed especially to be a "Practical Handbook for the Maid, the Wife and the Mother." Mrs. Dr. Gleason is too well and widely known in connection with the *Elmira Water Cure* to need introduction or recommendation. And so, too, are her publishers, Drs. Wood & Holbrook, 15 Lighthouse street, New York.

APPLETON'S JOURNAL for March 12 continues, in supplement, the English work entitled, *Ralph the Heir*. It is issued in advance sheets simultaneously with its progress from the London press without extra charge to the patrons of the journal.

HOWE'S MUSICAL MONTHLY. Boston: Elias Howe, 108 Court street. New York: 121 Nassau street. \$3 a year, and richly worth the money.

PROSPECTUS OF THE PHILADELPHIA SCHOOL OF DESIGN FOR WOMEN—with a Catalogue of Art Studies of the Institution. Philadelphia: E. C. Markey & Son, 422 Liberty street.

Of this school the *Philadelphia Public Ledger* says: "It is unobtrusively but actively carrying on the work of systematically training young women in the practice of Art, and in the knowledge of its scientific principles. The objects of the courses of instruction are to qualify young women to impart to others a careful Art education, and to develop its application to the common uses of life and its relations to the requirements of trade and manufacture. The branches comprise pattern designing, lithography, wood engraving, landscape and figure painting in oil. During the past year, the school has instructed seventy-two pupils. A building sixty feet long, twenty-two feet wide, and three stories high, has been erected at the rear of the main school building.

PICTORIALS. *Harper's Weekly* and *Bazar*, the *Hearth and Home*, and *Every Saturday* for this week (March 12) are, all four of them, of more than usual interest, especially in illustrations. The *Ten Commandments*, in the former, is unsurpassed. Of *Appleton's Journal* the same is true as of the others. They were all most satisfactory at the beginning of the year, but it must be said they are growing still better.

MERRY'S MUSEUM. Oldest of its kind, probably, boasting now its 57th volume. So that children, parents, and grand parents can all greet it together as a familiar acquaintance of their childhood. Boston: H. B. Fuller. \$1.50 a year. Still, as always, among the best of juvenile magazines.

THE MANUFACTURER AND BUILDER. Monthly. \$1.50 a year. Western & Co., 37 Park Row, New York. The February number has a sketch and engraving of the East River Bridge.

VICTORIA MAGAZINE. London: Emily Faithfull-Single, one shilling (twenty-four cents). New York Agency: Wilmer & Rogers.

MOTHER'S JOURNAL. A Home Magazine. Mrs. Mary G. Clarke, Editor. Chicago: J. N. Clarke, Publisher. \$2 a year.

THE LITTLE GLEANER is the title of a *Monthly* published at Fredericksburg, Va., by Miss O. Lee. We commend it to our young readers on many accounts, hoping all will heed its sweet motto:

"I work for God and good. Help, friends! And we, ere long, may bind up sheaves!"

Published monthly. \$1 per year.

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.—Mrs. Maxey has had her Wheeler & Wilson Sewing-machine in almost daily use for over eleven years, without any repairs. She has done with her own hands during that period the larger portion of the sewing for a family of eleven children on the machine, and a part of the time for fifteen or twenty farm servants. She would not now

change her Wheeler & Wilson for any other she has ever seen. R. MAXEY.
Brandon, Miss.

Financial Department.

[Under this head, correspondents are responsible for their own sentiments, and not THE REVOLUTION.]

REPUDIATION.

REPUDIATION of our national debt is a startling idea. The mention of it alone sends a thrill of horror throughout our country. The Republican party has planted all the safeguards possible against it. At Chicago they resolved it should be held sacred and paid in good faith, and made the Fourteenth Amendment declare the same sentiment. In Congress, they have gone further and declared it should be paid in gold.

This is all fine talk and looks well on paper. But there are fearful realities pending, which, if not fully considered, all these nice resolutions may prove as baseless as the vision of a morning dream. I propose noticing a few of them.

And first, consider our situation. Our national debt is nearly two and a half billions. Our state, county, city, railroad and other corporation debts probably as much more. Our individual indebtedness is probably twice as much, making an aggregate of ten billions of indebtedness, on which an annual interest of at least eight hundred millions has to be paid. Our business transactions amount to probably ten billions yearly. We are paying over three hundred millions national taxation and revenue, and nearly as much more to our state, city, and municipal authorities. These make about fourteen hundred millions of interest and taxation, all of which comes ultimately out of the laboring or producing classes.

Out of this fourteen hundred millions, at least one billion goes to the creditor or money interest. The questions I propose considering are first, the means proposed by the producing interest which enables them to carry this heavy load, and second, what their capacities are, and how much more they are likely to stand. Questions of finance and domestic economy are now carefully studied and rapidly being reduced to a science. I profess, however, to be able to give only rough estimates upon them.

The means, in addition to their energy and industry, are first about one hundred millions of coin. This is the only solid basis supporting the vast superstructure of twenty billions, we have already figured. Since greenbacks have been authorized, coin has been ignored, hence it is really no part of our present system of finance.

We have three hundred millions of greenbacks, two hundred in circulation, and one hundred as reserves for the national bank circulation, which being three hundred millions, leaves us five hundred millions active currency for all our vast business operations, and if undisturbed, the only means to pay off our immense debts. We are, therefore, moving and carrying forty of dead weight with one of power. The question arises, can this power be safely reduced, and is it wise to reduce it? Let us see what is being done in this direction.

The Supreme Court have just declared greenbacks to be a war measure, and when retired can no more be issued. This when done, as it must

be sooner or later, takes away our whole foundation, and will reduce us to specie alone. The national currency must then be reduced to safe limits, and if fortunate enough to retain the hundred millions of coin we now have, the banks can keep out their present three hundred millions of circulation. This will reduce our means for business from five hundred to three hundred millions, and of course seriously cripple our business and debt paying basis.

Congress firmly opposes a free banking law, or any redistribution of banking capital. This shows that it is controlled by the money power, and that the present monopoly will be continued. Making, as they do, 28 per cent. annual profits, while the labor and general interests of our country show but three, they will strive hard to maintain their present privileges, which, as money shrinks, will become the more valuable. Verily, "the lilies that toil not are arrayed in all the glory," etc.

But, not content with these enormous profits, and their monopolies, the money power is urgently demanding the resumption of specie payment. Within the past year, the premium on gold has fallen from 40 to 16 per cent. Provisions, merchandise, material and labor have largely declined and are steadily shrinking in price, and as they constitute the only means of the producing classes to pay taxes, interest and debts, the load upon them becomes the heavier. This all ensures to the benefit of the money power, which is steadily demanding more, and now have the Press, Congress and the Supreme Court in their favor.

How long can this continue, and what is to be the end?

Supposing specie payments to be resumed; the one hundred millions of gold will probably last long enough to count it out, and get it on shipboard, bound for Europe, or hid away. This may take three—certainly not more than thirty—days. The little ballast to sustain the cloud of sail we are carrying would be gone. What then?—no specie, no greenbacks, no national currency,—how could we do business or pay debts? I confess it requires a keener vision than mine to see anything favorable to business or laboring men, with such a condition of finances.

These are questions that stare us straight in the face. The money powers is now reaching and grasping after too much. They yet retain the vast emoluments our country gave them when its life was at stake, and while all other interests are rapidly coming down to a peace standard, they are ever increasing the war rates, and still demanding more. Let them beware lest they kill the game that is laying the golden egg. The camel's back is already overloaded. Let them not add the last feather.

If these calamities should come, we may witness convulsions compared to which 1837 and '57, would be no more than a fire-cracker to Etna. The people are now strained to their utmost ability to carry their present loads, and if the pressure is increased, repudiation may suddenly become as popular as it is now odious. The danger is fearfully imminent.

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